This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

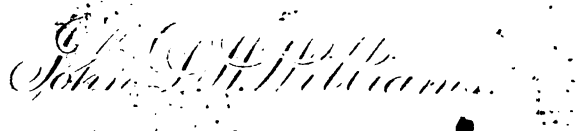
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

442.59.20

HARVARD
COLLEGE
LIBRARY



MUCH INSTRUCTION

FROM

LITTLE READING,

OR,

EXTRACTS

From some of the Most Approved Authors,

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

SOME BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES FROM THE EARLIEST AGES OF THE WORLD TO NEARLY THE PRESENT TIME. ALSO, EXTENSIVE SCRIPTURE LESSONS. BEING THE RESULT OF TWENTY-TWO YEARS' APPLICATION.

BY A FRIEND TO GENERAL IMPROVEMENT.

VOL. I.

New-York:
PRINTED BY MAHLON DAY,
NO. 376, PEARL-STREET.

1827.

11442.59.20

HARVARD COLLEGE
Apr 2, 1929
LIBRARY

Mrs. Franklin Q Brown.

3337
49.146
44

MUCH INSTRUCTION, &c.

EXTRACTS FROM YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

O THOU! whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the Sun; strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold while others rest.
Through this opaque of nature, and of soul,
This double night transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten, and to cheer. O lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
Lead it through various scenes of Life and Death;
And from each scene, the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my conduct than my song:
Teach my best Reason, reason; my best will,
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear.
Nor let the vial of thy vengeance pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain. page 14.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He, who made him such!
Who center'd in our make such strange extremes!
p. 15.

All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond
Is substance; the reverse is folly's creed;
How solid all, where change shall be no more! p. 17.

And is it in the flight of threescore years,
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd,
At aught this scene can threaten, or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.
Where falls this censure? It o'erwhelms myself.
How was my heart encrusted by the world!
O how self-fetter'd was my groveling soul!
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
In silken thought, which reptile fancy spun,
'Till darken'd reason lay quite clouded o'er
With soft conceit of endless comfort here,
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies!
Night visions may befriend;—our waking dreams are
Fatal: how I dream'd of things impossible! (could
Sleep do more?) Of joys perpetual, in perpetual change!
Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!

Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!
How richly were my noontide trances hung
With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys!
Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!
Till at Death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting, I woke, and found myself undone.
Where's now my phrenzy's pompous furniture?
The cobweb'd cottage, with its ragged wall
Of mould'ring mud, is royalty to me!
The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss; it breaks at ev'ry breeze. p. 19.

Here teems with revolutions ev'ry hour;
And rarely for the better; or the best.

* * * * *

Each moment has its sickle, emulous
Of time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
Strikes empires from the root; each moment plays
His little weapon in the narr'wer sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.
Bliss! sublunary bliss!—proud words, and vain!

* * * * *

I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.
O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace!
What darts of agony had miss'd my heart!
Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis thine to tread

Out empire, and to quench the stars.

* * * * *

Thy shaft flew thrice; and thrice my peace was slain;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.

* * * * *

How wanes my borrow'd bliss!—Precarious courtesy!
not
Virtue's sure, self-given, solar, ray of sound delight.

* * * * *

How widow'd every thought of ev'ry joy!

* * * * *

I mourn for millions: 'tis the common lot;

* * * * *

Not more the children, than sure heirs of pain.
War, famine, pest, volcano, storm, and fire,
Intestine broils, oppression, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple brass, besieg'd mankind:
Here plung'd in mines forgets a sun was made;
There beings deathless as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life;
And plough the winter's wave, and reap despair.

p. 22.

How groaning hospitals eject their dead!
What numbers groan for sad admission there!
What numbers once in *affluence high fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity!
To shock us more, solicit it in vain!
Ye silken sons of pleasure! since in pains
You rue more modish visits, visit here,

* Fortune's Lap.

And breathe from your debauch; give, and reduce
Surfeits dominion o'er you: but so great
Your impudence, you blush at what is right!

* * * * *

Man's caution often into danger turns,
And his guard falling, crushes him to death.

* * * * *

The smoothest course of nature has its pains,
And truest friends, through error, wound our rest;

* * * * *

Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth:
But endless is the list of human ills,
And sighs might sooner fail, than cause to sigh.

* * * * *

Is heaven tremendous in its frowns? most sure;
And in its favours formidable too:
Its favours here are trials, not rewards;
A call to duty, not discharge from care;
And should alarm us, full as much as woes
Awake us to their cause, and consequence,
And make us tremble, weigh'd with our desert;
Awe nature's tumult, and chastise her joys,
Lest, while we clasp, we kill them; nay, invert
To worse than simple misery their charms:
Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,
Like bosom-friendships to resentment sour'd,
With rage envenom'd rise against our peace. p. 25.

By nature's law, what may be, may be now:
There's no prerogative in human hours.

In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow? in another world.
For numbers this is certain; the reverse
Is sure to none; and yet on this perhaps,
This peradventure, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant we build
Our mountain hopes; ——— ———

* * * * *

And big with life's futurities expire.

* * * * *

Of human ills the last extreme beware,
Beware, Lorenzo! a slow-sudden death.
How dreadful that deliberate surprise!
Be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life:
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live,"
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They, one day, shall not drivel; and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least, their own; their future selves applaud;

How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!

* * * * *

The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone;

* * * * *

——— ——— ——— when young indeed,
In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise:
At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves; and re-resolves: then dies the same.
And why? because he thinks himself immortal:
All men think all men mortal, but themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like wounded air,
Soon close; where past the shaft, no trace is found:
As from the wing no scar the sky retains;
The parted wave no furrow from the keel;
So dies in human hearts the thought of death:
E'en with the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave. p. 28.

Shall I, too, weep? where then is fortitude?
And fortitude abandon'd, where is man?
I know the terms on which he sees the light:
He that is born, is listed: life is war;

Eternal war with woe: who bears it best,
Deserves it least. ——— ——— ——— p. 30.

——— ——— Dost thou mourn Philander's fate?
I know thou say'st it: says thy life the same?
He mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.
Where is that thrift, that avarice of time,
(O glorious avarice!) thought of death inspires,
As rumour'd robberies endear our gold?
O Time! than gold more sacred; more a load
Than lead, to fools and fools reputed wise.
What moment granted man without account?
What years are squand'red! wisdom's debt unpaid!
Our wealth in days all due to that discharge.
Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door. p. 31.

For what calls thy disease, Lorenzo? not
For Æsculapean, but for moral aid.
Thou think'st it folly to be wise too soon.
Youth is not rich in time; it may be poor:
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth:
And what its worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.
Part with it as with life, reluctant; big
With holy hope of nobler time to come:
Time higher-aim'd, still nearer the great mark
Of men and angels; virtue more divine. p. 32.

Will toys amuse, when med'cines cannot cure?
When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting scenes

Their lustre lose, and lessen in our sight,
As lands, and cities with their glitt'ring spires,
To the poor shatter'd bark, by sudden storm
Thrown off to sea, and soon to perish there,
Will toys amuse?—No: thrones will then be toys,
And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.

* * * * *

If nothing more than purpose in thy power,
Thy purpose firm, is equal to the deed:
Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.
Our outward act, indeed, admits restraint;
'Tis not in things o'er thought to domineer:
Guard well thy thoughts; our thoughts are heard in heaven. p. 33.

Ah! how unjust to nature, and himself,
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
We censure nature for a span too short;
That span too short, we tax as tedious too,
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the ling'ring moments into speed.
And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourselves.

* * * * *

Injoin'd to fly; with tempest, tide, and stars,
To keep his speed, nor ever wait for man;
Time's use was doom'd a pleasure; waste, a pain;
That man might feel his error, if unseen;
And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure:

Not, blundering, split on idleness, for ease.
Life's cares are comforts; such by heaven design'd;
He that has none, must make them or be wretched.
Cares are employments; and without employ
The soul is on a rack; the rack of rest:
To souls most adverse; action all their joy.

* * * * *

Life we think long, and short; death seek, and shun;
Body and soul, like peevish man and wife,
United, jar, and yet are loth to part.
O the dark days of vanity! while here,
How tasteless! and how terrible, when gone!
Gone? they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us still;
The spirit walks of ev'ry day deceas'd,
And smiles an angel; or a fury frowns.
Nor death, nor life delight us. If time past,
And time possess'd, both pain us, what can please?
That which the Deity to please ordain'd,
Time us'd. The man who consecrates his hours
By vig'rous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death;
He walks with nature, and her paths are peace. p. 37.

Ye well arrayed! ye lilies of our land!
Ye lilies male! who neither toil, nor spin,

* * * * *

Ye delicate! who nothing can support,
Yourselves most insupportable! for whom
The winter rose must blow, the sun put on
A brighter beam in Leo, silky-soft

Favonius breathe still softer, or be chid,
And other worlds send odours, sauce, and song,
And robes, and notions, fram'd in foreign looms!
O ye Lorenzos of our age, who deem
One moment unamused, a misery
Not made for feeble man! who call aloud
For ev'ry bauble, drivell'd o'er by sense,
For rattles, and conceits of ev'ry cast,
For change of follies, and relays of joy,
To drag your patient through the tedious length
Of a short winter's day—say, sages, say!
Wits, oracles; say, dreamers of gay dreams;
How will you weather an eternal night,
Where such expedients fail? p. 38.

But why on time so lavish is my song?
On this great theme kind nature keeps a school,
To teach her sons herself. Each night we die,
Each morn are born anew: Each day a life!
And shall we kill each day? If trifling kills;
Sure vice must butcher. O what heaps of slain
Cry out for vengeance on us! Time destroy'd
Is suicide, where more than blood is spilt. p. 40.

——— ——— A moment we may wish,
When worlds want wealth to buy. ———

* * * * *

"There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs;
"The more our joy, the more we know it vain;
"And by success, are tutor'd to despair."

Nor is it only thus, but must be so.
Who knows not this, though grey, is still a child.
Loose then from earth the grasp of fond desire,
Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.
Art thou so moor'd thou canst not disengage,
Nor give thy thoughts a ply to future scenes? p. 43.

Should not each dial strike us as we pass,
Portentous, as the written wall, which struck,
O'er midnight bowls, the proud Assyrian pale,
Erewhile high-flush'd with insolence and wine?
Like that, the dial speaks; and points to thee,
Lorenzo! loth to break thy banquet up:
"O man, thy kingdom is departing from thee;
"And, while it lasts is emptier than my shade."
Its silent language such: Nor needst thou call
Thy Magi, to decypher what it means. p. 44.

But such our gravitation to the wrong,
So prone our hearts to whisper what we wish,
'Tis later with the wise, than he's aware;
A Wilmington goes slower than the sun:
And all mankind mistake their time of day:
E'en age itself. Fresh hopes are hourly sown
In furrow'd brows. So genteel life's descent,
We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
We take fair days in Winter for the Spring;
And turn our blessings into bane. Since oft
Man must compute that age he cannot feel,
He scarce believes he's older for his years.

Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store
One disappointment sure, to crown the rest;
The disappointment of a promis'd hour. p. 45.

Know'st thou, Lorenzo! what a friend contains?
As bees mix'd nectar draw from fragrant flow'rs,
So men from friendship, wisdom, and delight;
Twins ty'd by nature; if they part they die.
Hast thou no friend to set thy mind abroach?
Good sense will stagnate. Thoughts shut up, want air,
And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun.
Had thought been all, sweet speech had been deny'd;
Speech, thought's canal! Speech, thought's criterion too!
Thought in the mine, may come forth gold or dross;
When coin'd in word, we know its real worth.
If sterling, store it for thy future use;
'Twill buy thee benefit; perhaps renown. p. 46.

'Tis converse qualifies for solitude;
As exercise, for salutary rest. p. 47.

Lorenzo! pride repress; nor hope to find
A friend, but what had found a friend in thee.
All like the purchase; few the price will pay;
And this makes friends such miracles below.
What if (since daring on so nice a theme)
I shew thee friendship delicate, as dear,
Of tender violations apt to die?
Reserve will wound it; and distrust, destroy.

Deliberate on all things with thy friend.
But since friends grow not thick on ev'ry bough,
Nor ev'ry friend unrotten at the core;
First, on thy friend, delib'rate with thyself;
Pause, ponder, sift; not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen; fixing, fix;
Judge before friendship, then confide till death. p. 49.

Friendship's the wine of life; but friendship new
(Not such was his) is neither strong nor pure.
O! for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,
And elevating spirit, of a friend,
For twenty summers rip'ning by my side;
All feculence of falsehood long thrown down;
All social virtues rising in his soul;
As crystal clear; and smiling, as they rise!
Here nectar flows; it sparkles in our sight;
Rich to the taste and genuine from the heart.

* * * * *

Like birds, whose beauties languish half conceal'd,
Till, mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes
Expanded shine with azure, green, and gold;
How blessings brighten as they take their flight!
p. 50.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.
Fly, ye profane! if not, draw near with awe,
Receive the blessing, and adore the chance,
That threw in this Bethesda your disease;

If unrestor'd by this, despair your cure.
For, here, resistless demonstration dwells;
A death-bed's a detecter of the heart.
O! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!
Who think it solitude to be alone. p. 55.

Woes cluster; rare are solitary woes;
They love a train, they tread each other's heel;
p. 57.
And will not the severe excuse a sigh?
Scorn the proud man that is ashamed to weep:
Our tears indulg'd, indeed deserve our shame. p. 59.

——— At thy friend's expense be wise;
Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart;
A broken reed, at best; but, oft, a spear;
On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.
p. 60.
Man, hard of heart to man! Of horrid things
Most horrid! 'Mid stupendous, highly strange!
Yet oft his courtesies are smoother wrongs;
Pride brandishes the favours he confers,
And contumelious his humanity:
What then his vengeance? Hear it not, ye stars!
And thou, pale moon! turn paler at the sound:
Man is to man the sorest, surest ill.
A previous blast foretells the rising storm;
O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall;
Volcanos bellow ere they disembogue;

Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour;
And smoke betrays the wide-consuming fire:
Ruin from man is most conceal'd when near,
And sends the dreadful tidings in the blow.
Is this the flight of fancy? Would it were!
Heav'ns Sov'reign saves all beings but himself,
That hideous sight, a naked human heart. p. 62.

——— Let wisdom blossom from my mortal wound.
Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainless ardours; and abate
That glare of life, which often blinds the wise. p. 65.

And why not think on death? is life the theme
Of ev'ry thought? and wish of ev'ry hour?
And song of ev'ry joy? Surprising truth!
The beaten Spaniel's fondness not so strange. p. 64.

We give to time eternity's regard
And, dreaming, take our passage for our port. p. 68.

Starts timid nature at the gloomy pass?
The soft transition call it, and be cheer'd:
Such it is often, and why not to thee?
To hope the best is pious, brave, and wise;
And may itself procure what it presumes.
Life is much flatter'd, death is much traduced;
Compare the rivals, and the kinder crown. p. 69.

Death has feign'd evils, nature shall not feel;

Life, ills substantial, wisdom cannot shun.

* * * * *

——— ——— Life's a debtor to the grave,
Dark lattice! letting in eternal day. p. 70.

Then, welcome death! thy dreaded harbingers,
Age and disease; disease, though long my guest;
That plucks my nerves, those tender strings of life;
Which, pluck'd a little more, will toll * the bell,
That calls my few friends to my funeral;
Where feeble nature drops, perhaps, a tear,
While reason and religion, better taught,
Congratulate the dead. ——— ———

* * * * *

Birth's feeble cry, and death's deep, dismal groan,
Are slender tributes low-taxt nature pays
For mighty gain: The gain of each, a life!
But, O! the last, the former so transcends,
Life dies, compar'd! Life lives beyond the grave.
p. 72.

When shall I die to vanity, pain, death?
When shall I die? When shall I live forever?

* * * * *

The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave;
The deep, damp vault, the darkness, and the worm;
These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the living, not the dead.

* * * * *

* The bell did not toll at the author's funeral, nor was any one allowed to be drest in mourning; no doubt these ceremonies were omitted pursuant to his request.

Flaws in the best; the many, flaw all o'er;
As Leopards, spotted, or, as Æthiops, dark;
* * * * *
I scarce can meet a monument, but holds
My younger; every date cries—"come away."
A time there is, when, like a thrice told tale,
And that of no great moment, or delight,
Long-rifled life of sweet can yield no more. p. 74.

Alas! Ambition makes my little, less;
Embitt'ring the possess'd: why wish for more;
Wishing, of all employments, is the worst;
Philosophy's reverse; and health's decay!
Were I as plump, as stall'd theology,
Wishing would waste me to this shade again.
Were I as wealthy as a south-sea dream,
Wishing is an expedient to be poor.
Wishing, that constant hectic of a fool;
Caught at a court; purg'd off by purer air,
And simpler diet; gifts of rural life! p. 76.

——————— posterity shall know
One (tho' in Britain born, with courtiers bred)
Who thought e'en gold might come a day too late;
Nor on his death-bed plann'd his scheme
For future vacancies in church or state;
* * * * *
O my coevals! Remnants of ourselves!
Poor human ruins, tott'ring o'er the grave!
Shall we, shall aged Men, like aged trees,

Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling,
Still more enamour'd of this wretched soil?
Shall our pale, wither'd hands, be still stretch'd out,
Trembling, at once, with eagerness and age?
With av'rice and convulsions, grasping hard?
Grasping at air! for what has earth beside?
Man wants but little; nor that little, long;
How soon must he resign his very dust,
Which frugal Nature lent him for an hour! p. 77.

——— And am I fond of life,
Who scarce can think it possible, I live,
* * * * *
Who long have bury'd what gives life to live,
Firmness of nerve, and energy of thought.
* * * * *
Thy call I follow to the land unknown;
I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust;
Or life or death, is equal; neither weighs;
All weight in this—O let me live to thee!
* * * * *
Ye brainless wits! Ye baptiz'd infidels!
Ye worse for mending! wash'd to fouler stains! p. 81.

Religion! Providence! an after state;
Here is firm footing; here is solid rock;
This can support us; all is sea besides;
Sinks under us; bestorms, and then devours. p. 92.

——— For ever lie

Entomb'd my fear of Death! and ev'ry fear,
The dread of ev'ry evil, but thy frown. p. 94.

Oh! when will death (now stingless) like a friend,
This mould'ring, old, partition-wall throw down!
Give beings, one in Nature, one abode?

* * * * *

'Tis impious, in a good man, to be sad.*

* * * * *

Talk they of morals, O thou bleeding Love,
Thou maker of new morals to mankind;
The grand morality is love of thee.

* * * * *

A Christian is the highest style of man.
And is there, who the blessed cross wipes off,
As a foul blot, from his dishonour'd brow?
If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight:

* * * * *

Ye sold to sense! Ye Citizens of earth!
(For such alone the Christian banner fly.) p. 99.

Dark Dæmons I discharge, and Hydra-stings:
The keen vibration of bright truth—is Hell:
Just definition! tho' by schools untaught.

* * * * *

"Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die." p.101.

* It is presumed the author did not mean to admit by this, that a good man need not be sober, solid, and grave in his deportment, but only that it was not justifiable to sorrow over much, or be unprofitably dejected.

Fondness of fame is avarice of air.
I grant the man is vain, who writes for praise.
Praise no man e'er deserv'd, who sought no more.
p. 102.

Virtue, for ever frail, as fair, below,
Her tender nature suffers in the crowd,
Nor touches on the world without a stain:
The world's infections; few bring back at eve,
Immaculate, the manners of the morn.
Something we thought, is blotted; we resolv'd,
Is shaken; we renounc'd, returns again. p. 107.

We see, we hear, with peril; safety dwells
Remote from multitude; the world's a school
Of wrong, and what proficients swarm around!
We must or imitate or disapprove;
Must list as their accomplices, or foes;
That stains our innocence; this wounds our peace.
From Nature's birth, hence, wisdom has been smit
With sweet recess, and languish'd for the shade.
p. 108.

What are we? How unequal! Now we soar,
And now we sink; to be the same, transcends
Our present prowess. p. 109.

Grief! more proficients in thy school are made,
Than genius, or proud learning e'er could boast.
p. 110.

But Wisdom smiles, when humbled mortals weep.
When sorrow wounds the breast, as ploughs the glebe,

And hearts obdurate feel her soft'ning shower;
Her seed celestial, then, glad wisdom sows;
Her golden harvest triumphs in the soil.
——————Welcome my relapse;
I'll raise a tax on my calamity,
And reap rich compensation from my pain. p. 111.

Prosperity puts out unnumber'd thoughts
Of import high, and light divine, to man. p. 112.

——— shows the real estimate of things;
Which no man, unafflicted, ever saw;
* * * * *
——————— think nought
To man so foreign, as the joys possest;
Nought so much his, as those beyond the grave.
p. 113.

The good man's days to Sibyl's books compare,
(In ancient story read, thou knowest the tale)
In price still rising, as in number less,
Inestimable quite his final Hour.
* * * * *
Behold the inexorable hour at hand!
Behold th' inexorable hour forgot!
And to forget it, the chief aim of life,
Tho' well to ponder it, is life's chief end. p. 114.

——————— What the cause,
The wond'rous cause, of this mysterious ill?
* * * * *

To-day is so like yesterday, it cheats;
We take the lying sister for the same. p. 115.

'Tis equally man's duty, glory, gain,
At once to shun, and meditate his end. p. 118.

Some weep in perfect justice to the dead,
As conscious all their love is in arrear. p. 120.

A soul without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitant, to ruin runs. p. 121.

Time on this head has snow'd; yet still 'tis borne
Aloft; nor thinks but on another's grave,
* * * * *
As if, like objects pressing on the sight,
Death had advanc'd too near us to be seen:
* * * * *
We see time's furrows on another's brow. p. 122.

Tho' grey our heads, our thoughts and aims are green;
Like damag'd clocks, whose hand and bell dissent;
Folly sings six, while nature points at twelve.
* * * * *
Contract the taste immortal; learn e'en now
To relish what alone subsists hereafter. p. 123.

Peace and esteem is all that age can hope,
Nothing but wisdom gives the first; the last,
Nothing, but the repute of being wise.

Folly bars both; our age is twice undone.
What folly can be ranker? Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen, as our sun declines.
* * * * *
Our hearts should leave the world, before the knell
Calls for our carcases to mend the soil.
Enough to live in tempest, die in port;
Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat
Defects of judgment, and the will subdue;
Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon;
And put good works on board; and wait the wind
That shortly blows us into worlds unknown. p. 124.

While man is growing, life is in decrease;
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
And birth is nothing but our death begun;
As tapers waste, that instant they take fire.
* * * * *
Sinking in virtue as you rise in fame
Your learning, like the lunar beam, affords
Light, but not heat; it leaves you undevout,
Frozen at heart, while speculation shines. p. 126.

Awake, ye curious indagators! fond
Of knowing all, but what avails you, known;
* * * * *
The feeble wrapt th' athletic in his shroud;
And weeping fathers build their children's tomb;
* * * * *

Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures,
That life is long which answers life's great end.
The time that bears no fruit, deserves no name;
The man of wisdom is the man of years. p. 127.

One eye on death and one full fix'd on heav'n
Becomes a mortal, and immortal Man. p. 129.

Is death uncertain? Therefore thou be fixt;
Fixt as a centinel, all eye, all ear,
All expectation of the coming foe.
Rouse, stand in arms, nor lean against thy spear;
Lest slumber steal one moment o'er thy soul,
And fate surprise thee nodding. Watch, be strong;
p. 131.

O how portentous is prosperity!
How, comet-like, it threatens, while it shines! p. 132.

Yet peace begins just where ambition ends.
* * * * *

Gold glitters most, where virtue shines no more;
As stars from absent suns have leave to shine. p. 133.

To some gold sticks so close, that, when torn off,
Torn is the man, and mortal is the wound.
From some by sudden blasts 'tis whirl'd away
And lodg'd in bosoms that ne'er dream'd of gain;
Some, o'er-enamour'd of their bags, run mad,
Groan under gold, yet weep for want of bread. p. 134.

——————— At death's approach,
All read their riches backward into loss,
And mourn in just proportion to their store.
* * * * *
Was warn'd of danger, but too gay to fear. p. 135.

How short our correspondence with the sun!
And while it lasts, inglorious! Our best deeds,
How wanting in their weight! Our highest joys,
Small cordials to support us in our pain,
And give us strength to suffer. p. 144.

His nature no man can o'errate; and none
Can underrate his merit. Take good heed,
Nor there be modest, where thou should'st be proud;
That almost universal error shun. p. 145.

What wretched repetition cloys us here!
What periodic potions for the sick!
Distemper'd bodies! and distemper'd minds! p. 146.

Heart-merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high,
Our height is but the gibbet of our name.
* * * * *
Means have no merit, if our end amiss.
If wrong our hearts, our heads are right in vain;
What is a Pelham's head, to Pelham's heart?
Hearts are proprietors of all applause.
Right ends, and means, make wisdom: worldly wise
Is but half-witted, at its highest praise.

Let genius then despair to make thee great;
Nor flatter station: what is station high?
'Tis a proud mendicant; it boasts, and begs;
It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
And oft the throng denies its charity. p. 150.

Shall man be proud to wear his livery?
And souls in ermine scorn a soul without?
Can place or lessen us, or aggrandize?
Pigmies are pigmies still, tho' perch'd on alps;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself:
Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids;
Her monuments shall last, when Egypt's fall. p. 151.

Virtue, our present peace, our future prize.
Man's unprecarious, natural estate,
Improvable at will, in virtue lies;
Its tenure sure; its income is divine.

* * * * *

Dost court abundance for the sake of peace?
Learn, and lament thy self-defeated scheme:
Riches enable to be richer still;
And, richer still, what mortal can resist?
Thus wealth (a cruel task-master) enjoins
New toils, succeeding toils, and endless train!
And murder peace, which taught it first to shine.
The poor are half as wretched, as the rich;
Whose proud and painful privilege it is,
At once, to bear a double load of woe;

To feel the stings of envy, and of want,
Outragous want! both Indies cannot cure.
A competence is vital to content.
Much wealth is corpulence, if not disease;
Sick, or encumber'd, is our happiness.
A competence is all we can enjoy.

* * * * *

The rich man who denies it, proudly feigns;
Nor knows the wise are privy to the lie. p. 158.

Who lives to nature, rarely can be poor;
Who lives to fancy, never can be rich.

* * * * *

'Tis immortality, 'tis that alone,
Amid life's pains, abasements, emptiness,
The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill. p. 160.

——————— To this godlike height
Some souls have soar'd; or martyrs ne'er had bled.
And all may do, what has by man been done.
Who, beaten by these sublunary storms,
Boundless, interminable joys can weigh,
Unraptured, unexalted, uninflam'd?
What slave unblest, who from-to-morrow's dawn
Expects an empire? He forgets his chain,
And thron'd in thought, his absent sceptre waves.
p. 161.

——————— Th' aspiring soul
Ardent, and tremulous, like flame, ascends;
Zeal and humility, her wings to heaven. p. 164.

Earth's cover'd o'er with proofs of souls immortal;
And proofs of immortality forgot. p. 167.

How little they, who think aught great below?
All our ambitions death defeats, but one;
And that it crowns. p. 168.

Heav'n gives the needful, but neglected call.
What day, what hour, but knocks at human hearts,
To wake the soul to sense of future scenes? p. 175.

Resolve me why, the cottager, and king,
He whom sea-sever'd realms obey, and he
Who steals his whole dominion from the waste,
Repelling winter blasts with mud and straw,
Disquieted alike, draw sigh for sigh,
In fate so distant, in complaint so near? p. 176.

——————— Blest Heav'n! avert
A bounded ardour for unbounded bliss;
O for a bliss unbounded! Far beneath
A soul immortal, is a mortal joy. p. 177.

Beyond our plans of empire and renown,
Lies all that man with ardour should pursue;
And he who made him, bent him to the right.

* * * * *

Man's heart eats all things and is hungry still;
More, more! the glutton cries: for something new
So rages appetite, if man can't mount,

He will descend. He starves on the possest. p. 179.

Die for thy country?—Thou romantic fool!
Seize, seize the plank thyself, and let her sink:
Thy country! what to thee? p. 180.

Can we conceive a disregard in Heaven,
What the worst perpetrate, or best endure?
This cannot be. p. 184.

——————— Hope exults;
And though much bitter in our cup is thrown,
Predominates, and gives the taste of Heaven.

* * * * *

We blush, detected in designs on praise,
Though for best deeds, and from the best of men;

* * * * *

Heav'n kindly gives our blood a moral flow;
Bids it ascend the glowing cheek, and there
Upbraid that little heart's inglorious aim,
Which stoops to court a character from man;
While o'er us, in tremendous judgment sit,
Far more than man, with endless praise and blame.

* * * * *

Consult the ambitious, 'tis ambition's cure.
"And is this all?" cry'd Cæsar at his height,
Disgusted. p. 187.

——————— Not kings alone,
Each villager has his ambition too;

No sultan prouder than his fetter'd slave;
Slaves build their little Babylons of straw,
* * * * *
Thirst of applause calls public judgment in,
To poise our own, to keep an even scale,
* * * * *
Why freighted rich to dash against a rock?
* * * * * *
The man that blushes is not quite a brute,
* * * * *
Nature's first wish is endless happiness;
Annihilation is an after-thought,
A monstrous wish, unborn, 'till virtue dies. p. 204.

Duration gives importance; swells the price.
An angel. if a creature of a day,
What would he be? a trifle of no weight;
Or stand, or fall; no matter which; he's gone.
Because immortal, therefore is indulg'd
This strange regard of deities to dust. p. 211.

Who would not give a trifle to prevent
What he would give a thousand worlds to cure?
p. 212.
What, then is unbelief? 'Tis an exploit;
A strenuous enterprize: to gain it, man
Must burst through every bar of common sense,
Of common shame, magnanimously wrong;
And what rewards the sturdy combatant?
His prize repentance; infamy his crown.

But wherefore infamy? For want of faith,
Down the steep precipice of wrong he slides;
There's nothing to support him in the right.
Faith in the future wanting, is at least
In embryo, ev'ry weakness, ev'ry guilt;
And strong temptation ripens it to birth.
If this life's gain invites him to the deed,
Why not his country sold, his father slain?
'Tis virtue to pursue our good supreme;
And his supreme, his only good is here. p. 213.

Who tells me he denies his soul immortal,
Whate'er his boast, has told me, He's a knave.
* * * * *
Who thinks ere long the man shall wholly die,
Is dead already; naught but brute survives.
* * * * *
——— this black brotherhood renounce;
Renounce St. Evremont, and read St. Paul. p. 215.

How the world falls to pieces round about us!
And leaves us in a ruin of our joy!
What says this transportation of my friends?
It bids me love the place where now they dwell,
And scorn this wretched spot they leave so poor.
* * * * *
Give thy mind sea-room; keep it wide of earth,
That rock of souls immortal; cut thy cord;
Weigh anchor; spread thy sails; call ev'ry wind;
Eye the great pole-star; make the land of life.

* * * * *

Since God, or man must alter, e'er they meet,
(For light and darkness blend not in one sphere)
'Tis manifest, Lorenzo! who must change. p. 217.

Heav'n wills our happiness, allows our doom;
Invites us ardently; but not compels;

* * * * *

Man falls by man, if finally he falls;
And fall he must, who learns from death alone,
The dreadful secret—that he lives for ever. p. 218.

What ardently we wish, we soon believe;

* * * * *

Still seems it strange, that thou should'st live for ever?
Is it less strange, that thou should'st live at all?
This is a miracle; and that no more.
Who gave beginning, can exclude an end. p. 222.

If hope precarious, and if things, when gain'd,
Can sweeten toils and dangers into joys,
What then, that hope, which nothing can defeat,
Our leave unask'd? p. 223.

Grave minds you praise; nor can you praise too much:
If there is weight in an Eternity,
Let the grave listen;—and be graver still. p. 224.

How frail, men, things! How momentary both!
Fantastic chase of shadows hunting shades!
The gay, the busy, equal though unlike;

Equal in wisdom, differently wise!
Through flow'ry meadows, and through dreary wastes,
One bustling, and one dancing, into death.
There s not a day, but to the man of thought,
Betrays some secret, that throws new reproach
On life, and makes him sick of seeing more. p. 227.

All restless, anxious; tost with hopes and fears.
In calmest skies; obnoxious all to storm!
And stormy the most gen'ral blast of life:
All bound for happiness; yet few provide
The chart of knowledge, pointing where it lies;
Or Virtue's helm, to shape the course design'd. p. 230.

Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.
p. 232.

Needful austerities his will restrain;
As thorns fence in the tender plant from harm. p. 233.

Forgot, that genius need not go to school;
The world's all title-page, there's no contents;
The world's all face; the man who shows his heart,
Is hooted for his nudities, and scorn'd. p. 236.

I give him joy, that's awkward at a lie;
Whose feeble nature truth keeps still in awe;
His incapacity is his renown. p. 237.

From purity of thought, all pleasure springs;
And from an humble spirit, all our peace. p. 238.

We wisely strip the steed we mean to buy:

* * * * *

All the distinctions of this little life
Are quite cutaneous, foreign to the man.

* * * * *

——————— That man greatly lives,
Whate'er his fate, or fame, who greatly dies:
High-flush'd with hope, where heroes shall despair.
p. 240.

The private path, the secret acts of men,
If noble, far the noblest of our lives!

* * * * *

Knows he, that mankind praise against their will,
And mix as much detraction as they can?
Knows he, that faithless fame her whisper has,
As well as trumpet? That his vanity
Is so much tickled from not hearing all?
Wealth may seek us; but wisdom must be sought;
Sought before all; but (how unlike all else
We seek on earth!) 'tis never sought in vain. p. 245.

—— Without breathing, man as well might hope
For life, as, without piety, for peace. p. 248.

Art thou dejected? Is thy mind o'ercast?
Amid her fair ones, thou the fairest choose,
To chase thy gloom—"Go, fix some weighty truth;
"Chain down some passion; do some gen'rous good;
"Teach ignorance to see, or grief to smile;
"Correct thy friend; befriend thy greatest foe;

"Or, with warm heart and confidence divine,
"Spring up, and lay strong hold on him who made thee."—
Thy gloom is scatter'd, sprightly spirits flow;
Though wither'd is thy vine, and harp unstrung.
p. 249.

Laughter, though never censur'd yet as sin,
(Pardon a thought that only seems severe,)
Is half immoral. Is it much indulg'd?
By venting spleen, or dissipating thought,
It shews a scorner or it makes a fool;
And sins, as hurting others, or ourselves.
'Tis pride, or emptiness; applies the straw,
That tickles little minds to mirth effuse;
Of grief approaching the portentous sign!
The house of laughter makes a house of woe.
A man triumphant is a monstrous sight;
A man dejected is a sight as mean.
What cause for triumph, where such ills abound?
What for dejection, where presides a pow'r,
Who call'd us into being to be bless'd?
So grieve, as conscious grief may rise to joy;
So joy, as conscious joy to grief may fall.
Most true, a wise man never will be sad;
But neither will sonorous, bubbling mirth,
A shallow stream of happiness betray:
Too happy to be sportive, he's serene.

* * * * *

"Retire, and read thy Bible, to be gay."
There truths abound of sov'reign aid to peace;

Ah! do not prize them less, because inspir'd,
As thou, and thine, are apt and proud to do. p. 250.

They, first, themselves offend, who greatly please;
And travel only gives us sound repose.
* * * * *
False joys, indeed, are born for want of thought!
From thoughts full bent, and energy, the true;
And that demands a mind in equal poize,
Remote from gloomy grief, and glaring joy.
Much joy not only speaks small happiness,
But happiness that shortly must expire. p. 251.

Nought that is right, think little; well aware,
What reason bids, God bids; by his command
How aggrandiz'd the smallest thing we do!
Thus, nothing is insipid to the wise; p. 252.

——— ——— And is it greater pain,
Our soul should murmur, or our dust repine?
And one in their eternal war must bleed.
If one must suffer, which should least be spar'd?
The pains of mind surpass the pains of sense.
Ask, then, the gout, what torment is in guilt:
The joys of sense to mental joys are mean.
* * * * *
Could human courts take vengeance on the mind,
Axes might rust, and racks, and gibbets fall:
Guard, then, thy mind, and leave the rest to fate.
p. 153.

The man is dead, who for the body lives,
Lur'd by the beating of his pulse, to list
With ev'ry lust, that wars against his peace;
And sets him quite at variance with himself.

* * * * *

A poor blind merchant buying joys too dear. p. 254.

The weak have remedies; the wise have joys.
Man's greatest strength is shown in standing still.
The first sure symptoms of a mind in health,
Are rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.
~~False pleasure from~~ abroad her joys imports;
Rich from within, and self-sustain'd, the true.
The true is fix'd, and solid as a rock;
Slipp'ry the false, and tossing as the wave. p. 255.

No man is happy, till he thinks, on earth
There breathes not a more happy than himself:
Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on all;
And love o'erflowing makes an angel here.

* * * * *

Were all men happy, revellings would cease,
That opiate for inquietude within.
——Never man was truly bless'd,
But it compos'd, and gave him such a cast,
As folly might mistake for want of joy;
A cast, unlike the triumph of the proud;
A modest aspect, and a smile at heart. p. 256.

What does the man, who transient joy prefers?

What, but prefer the bubbles to the stream?
Bliss there is none, but unprecarious bliss:
That is the gem: Sell all, and purchase that. p. 257.

True happiness resides in things unseen.
No smiles of this world ever blest the bad,
Nor can its frowns rob innocence of joys;
That jewel wanting, triple crowns are poor.

* * * * *

Pleasure we all agree, is man's chief good;
Our only contest, what deserves the name.

* * * * *

Are rival joys contending for thy choice?
Consult thy whole existence, and be safe;
That oracle will put all doubt to flight.
Short is the lesson, though my lecture long,
Be good—and let heav'n answer for the rest. p. 259.

——— ——— E'en the best must own,
Patience, and resignation, are the pillars
Of human peace on earth. ——— ——— p. 260.

They most the world enjoy, who least admire.
Who think earth all, or (what weighs just the same)
Who care no farther, must prize what it yields;
Fond of its fancies; proud of its parades.
Who thinks earth nothing; can't its charms admire;
He can't a foe the most malignant hate,
Because that hate would prove his greater foe.
p. 264.

The godlike man has nothing to conceal.
His virtue, constitutionally deep,
Has habits firmness, and affection's flame. p. 265.

——— Wit talks most, when least she has to say,
She'll sparkle, puzzle, flutter, raise a dust,
And fly conviction, in the dust she rais'd.
* * * * *
Wit makes an enterprizer; sense, a man. p. 266.

In states, wit's dang'rous; in religion, death.
* * * * *
Wit, widow'd of good sense, is worse than nought;
It hoists more sails to run against a rock.
* * * * *
A joy in which our reason bears no part,
Is but a sorrow tickling ere it stings.
Let not the cooings of the world allure thee;
Which of her lovers ever found her true?
Happy! of this bad world who little know!—
And yet, we much must know her, to be safe.
To know the world, not love her, is thy point;
She gives but little, nor that little, long. p. 267.

(A field of battle is this mortal life!)
* * * * *
Th' inverted pyramid can never stand. p. 268.

Haste, haste! A man, by nature, is in haste;
For who shall answer for another hour?

'Tis highly prudent, to make one sure friend;
And that thou canst not do, this side the skies. p. 271.

World-wisdom much has done, and more may do,
In arts and sciences, in wars, and peace;
But arts and science, like thy wealth, will leave thee,
And make thee twice a beggar at thy death. p. 272.

The sick in body call for aid; the sick
In mind are covetous of more disease;
And when at worst, they dream themselves quite well.
To know ourselves diseas'd, is half our cure.
When nature's blush by custom is wip'd off,
And conscience, deaden'd by repeated strokes,
Has into manners nat'raliz'd our crimes;
The curse of curses is, our curse to love;
To triumph in the blackness of our guilt
(As Indian's glory in the deepest jet;)
And throw aside our senses with our peace.

* * * * *

Where the prime actors of the last year's scene;
Their port so proud, their buskin, and their plume?
How many sleep, who kept the world awake
With lustre and with noise! —— —— p. 275.

Where, where, for shelter, shall the guilty fly,
When consternation turns the good man pale? p. 280.

Who, without pain's advice, would e'er be good?

* * * * *

Pain is to save from pain; all punishment,
To make for peace. —— —— —— ——

* * * * *

Heav'n gives us friends to bless the present scene;
Resumes them, to prepare us for the next.

* * * * *

None are unhappy; all have cause to smile,
But such as to themselves that cause deny.
Our faults are at the bottom of our pains;
Error, in act, or judgment, is the source
Of endless sighs: We sin, or we mistake;
And nature tax, when false opinion stings. p. 286.

Affliction is the good man's shining scene;
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray;
As night to stars, woe lustre gives to man. p. 287.

For all I bless thee; most for the severe. p. 289.

The rough and gloomy, challenges our praise.
The winter is as needful as the spring;
The thunder, as the sun; a stagnate mass
Of vapours breeds a pestilential air:
Nor more propitious the Favonian breeze
To nature's health, than purifying storms;
The dread volcano ministers to good.

* * * * *

Man is responsible for ills receiv'd;
Those we call wretched, are a chosen band,
Compell'd to refuge in the right, for peace.

Amid my list of blessings infinite,
Stand this the foremost, "That my heart has bled."
'Tis heav'ns last effort of good-will to man;
When pain can't bless, heav'n quits us in despair.
Who fails to grieve, when just occasion calls,
Or grieves too much, deserves not to be blest;
Inhuman, or effeminate, his heart;
Reason absolves the grief, which reason ends.
May heav'n ne'er trust my friend with happiness,
'Till it has taught him how to bear it well,
By previous pain; and made it safe to smile!
Such smiles are mine, and such may they remain;
Nor hazard their extinction, from excess. p. 290.

Thus the three virtues, least alive on earth,
And welcom'd on heav'n's coast with most applause,
An humble, pure, and heav'nly-minded heart. p. 297.

Canst thou descend from converse with the skies,
And seize thy brother's throat? For what? a clod?
An inch of earth? the planets cry, "Forbear."
They chase our double darkness, nature's gloom,
And (kinder still!) our intellectual night. p. 298.

An undevout astronomer is mad. p. 303.

A good man seen, though silent council gives:
The touch'd spectator wishes to be wise. p. 305.

"Bad to be suffer'd; blessings to be left."

Earth's richest inventory boasts no more. p. 315.

Teach me my days to number, and apply
My trembling heart to wisdom; now beyond
All shadow of excuse for fooling on.
Age smoothes our path to prudence; sweeps aside
The snares, keen appetite, and passion, spread
To catch stray souls; and woe to that grey head,
Whose folly would undo, what age has done! p. 318.

Some wish they did; but no man disbelieves. p. 322.

As the chas'd hart, amid the desert waste,
Pants for the living stream; for HIM who made her,
So pants the thirsty soul, amid the blank
Of sublunary joys. —— —— —— —— p. 331.

Who worship God, shall find him. Humble love,
And not proud reason, keeps the door of heav'n.
Love finds admission, where proud science fails.
Man's science is the culture of his heart. p. 337.

The great Proprietor's all-bounteous hand
Leaves nothing waste; but sows these fiery fields
With seeds of reason, which to virtues rise
Beneath his genial ray; and if escap'd
The pestilential blasts of stubborn will,
When grown mature are gather'd for the skies. p. 338.

Nature delights in progress; in advance

From worse to better; but, when minds ascend,
Progress, in part, depends upon themselves.
Heav'n aids exertion; greater makes the great;
The voluntary little lessens more.

* * * * *

Bent on destruction! and in love with death!
Not all these luminaries, quench'd at once,
Were half so sad, as one benighted mind,
Which gropes for happiness, and meets despair.
p. 340.

Why then persist? No mortal ever liv'd
But, dying, he pronounc'd (when words are true!)
Thee whole that charms thee, absolutely vain. p. 341.

For I have peep'd into thy cover'd heart,
And seen it blush beneath a boastful brow;
For, by strong guilt's most violent assault,
Conscience is but disabled, not destroy'd. p. 344.

——— ——— ——— Example strikes
All human hearts; a bad example more;
More still a father's; that ensures his ruin. p. 346.

——— ——— —— Sleep's dewy wand
Has strok'd my drooping lids, and promises
(If my fond wishes are not flatterers)
My long arrear of rest. ——— ———

* * * * *

Haste, haste, sweet stranger! from the peasant's cot,
The ship-boy's hammock, or the soldier's straw,

Whence sorrow never chas'd thee; with thee bring,
Not hideous visions, as of late; but draughts
Delicious of well-tasted, cordial, rest;
Man's rich restorative; his balmy bath,
That supples, lubricates, and keeps in play,
The various movements of this nice machine,
Which asks such frequent periods of repair.
When tir'd with vain rotations of the day,
Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn;
Fresh we spin on, till sickness clogs our wheels,
Or death quite breaks the spring, and motion ends.
When will it end with me? —— —— p. 347.

In thy displeasure dwells eternal pain;
Pain, our aversion; pain which strikes me now;
And, since all pain is terrible to man,
Though transient, terrible; at thy good hour,
Gently, ah gently, lay me in my bed,
My clay cold bed! by nature, now so near;
By nature, near; still nearer by disease!
Till then, be this an emblem of my grave:
Let it out-preach the preacher; ev'ry night
Let it out-cry the boy at Philip's ear. p. 352.

Man's sickly soul, though turn'd and toss'd for ever,
From side to side, can rest on nought but thee;
Here, in full trust; hereafter, in full joy. p. 353.

Shall that which rises out of nought complain,
Of a few evils, paid with endless joys?

My soul! henceforth, in sweetest union join
The two supports of human happiness,
Which some, erroneous, think can never meet;
True taste of life and constant thought of death.
The thought of death, sole victor of its dread!
Hope be thy joy; and probity thy skill;
Thy patron HE, ——— ——— ———
——— ——— Eternity, thy prize:
And leave the racers of the world their own,
Their feather, and their froth, for endless toils:
They part with all, for that which is not bread;
They mortify, they starve, on wealth, fame, pow'r;
And laugh to scorn, the fools that aim at more.

* * * * * *

Seize wisdom, ere 'tis torment to be wise;
That is, seize wisdom, ere she seizes thee.
For, what, my small philosopher! is hell?
'Tis nothing, but full knowledge of the truth,
When truth, resisted long, * becomes our foe;
And calls eternity to do her right. p. 355.

* Is sworn.

EXTRACTS FROM COWPER'S TASK.

——— ——— ——— ——— The sofa suits
The gouty limb, 'tis true; but gouty limb,
Though on a sofa, may I never feel: p. 33.

——— ——— ——— Scenes that sooth'd
Or charm'd me young, no longer young, I find
Still soothing, and of power to charm me still. p. 34.

Scenes must be beautiful, which, daily view'd,
Please daily, and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge, and the scrutiny of years.
Praise justly due to those that I describe. p. 35.

I call'd the low-roof'd lodge the peasant's nest.
And hidden as it is, and far remote
From such unpleasing sounds as haunt the ear
In village or in town, the bay of curs
Incessant, clinking hammers, grinding wheels,
And infant's clam'rous, whether pleas'd or pain'd,
Oft have I wish'd the peaceful covert mine.
Here, I have said, at least I should possess
The poet's treasure, silence, and indulge
The dreams of fancy, tranquil and secure.

Vain thought! the dweller in that still retreat
Dearly obtains the refuge it affords.

* * * * *

If solitude make scant the means of life,
Society for me!—thou seeming sweet,
Be still a pleasing object in my view;
My visit still, but never mine abode. p. 38.

Our foot half sunk in hillocks green and soft,
Rais'd by the mole, the miner of the soil.
He, not unlike the great ones of mankind,
Disfigures earth; and plotting in the dark,
Toils much to earn a monumental pile,
That may record the mischiefs he has done. p. 39.

By rural carvers, who with knives deface
The pannels, leaving an obscure, rude name,
In characters uncouth, and spelt amiss.
So strong the zeal to immortalize himself
Beats in the breast of man, that e'en a few,
Few transient years, won from th' abyss abhorr'd,
Of blank oblivion, seem a glorious prize,
And even to a clown. —— —— —— —— p. 40.

Now glitters in the sun, and now retires,
As bashful yet impatient to be seen. p. 41.

—— —— —— The guiltless eye
Commits no wrong, nor wastes what it enjoys. p. 41.

——— ——— ——— E'en the oak
Thrives by the rude concussion of the storm.
* * * * *
More fix'd below, the more disturb'd above. p. 43.

The law, by which all creatures else are bound,
Binds man the lord of all. Himself derives
No mean advantage from a kindred cause,
From strenuous toil his hours of sweetest ease. p. 43.

Good health, and its associate in most,
Good temper. ——— ——— ——— ——— ——— p. 44.

——— ——— Ease, when courted most,
Farthest retires. ——— ——— ——— p. 44.

Lovely indeed the mimic works of art;
But nature's works far lovelier. p. 44.

The spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns. p. 46.

Whom call we gay? That honour has been long
The boast of mere pretenders to the name.
The innocent are gay. ——— ——— p. 47.

But save me from the gaiety of those
Whose head-aches nail them to a noon-day bed.
And save me too from theirs whose haggard eyes
Flash desperation, and betray their pangs
For property stripp'd of by cruel chance;

From gaiety that fills the bones with pain,
The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe. p. 47.

Prospects, however lovely, may be seen
Till half their beauties fade; the weary sight,
Too well acquainted with their smiles, slides off,
Fastidious, seeking less familiar scenes.
Then snug enclosures in the shelter'd vale,
Where frequent hedges intercept the eye,
Delight us; happy to renounce a while,
Not senseless of its charms, what still we love,
That such short absence may endear it more.

* * * * *

There often wanders one, whom better days
Saw better clad. —— —— —— —— p. 48.

She begs an idle pin of all she meets,
And hoards them in her sleeve; but needful food,
Though press'd with hunger oft, or comelier clothes,
Though pinch'd with cold, asks never.—Kate is craz'd!
p. 49.

—— —— —— Hard-faring race!
They pick their fuel out of ev'ry hedge,
Which, kindled with dry leaves, just saves unquench'd
The spark of life. —— —— —— —— p. 50.

And, breathing wholesome air, and wand'ring much,
Need other physic none to heal th' effects
Of loathsome diet, penury, and cold.
Blest he, though undistinguish'd from the crowd

By wealth or dignity, who dwells secure
Where man, by nature fierce, has laid aside
His fierceness, having learnt, though slow to learn,
The manners and the arts of civil life.
His wants indeed, are many; but supply
Is obvious, plac'd within the easy reach
Of temp'rate wishes and industrious hands. p. 50.

I see thee weep, and thine are honest tears,
* * * * *
Thus fancy paints thee, and, though apt to err,
Perhaps errs little when she paints thee thus.
——— ——— ——— Doing good,
Disinterested good, is not our trade. p. 53.

God made the country, and man made the town.
What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threaten'd in the fields and groves? p. 56.

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more! My ear is pain'd,
My soul is sick, with ev'ry day's report
Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is fill'd.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man the nat'ral bond

Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colour'd like his own! and having pow'r
T' enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interpos'd
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And worse than all, and most to be deplor'd
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is Man? and what man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a Man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation priz'd above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds than fasten them on him. p. 59.

When were the winds
Let slip with such a warrant to destroy?

When did the waves so haughtily o'erleap
Their ancient barriers deluging the dry?

* * * * *

Is it a time to wrangle, when the props
And pillars of our planet seem to fail,
And nature with a dim and sickly eye*
To wait the close of all?

* * * * *

And 'tis but seemly, that where all deserve
And stand expos'd by common peccancy
To what no few have felt, there should be peace,
And brethren in calamity should love. p. 61.

What then! were they the wicked above all,
And we the righteous, whose fast anchor'd isle
Mov'd not, while their's was rock'd like a light skiff,
The sport of ev'ry wave? No: none are clear,
And none than we more guilty. But where all
Stand chargeable with guilt, and to the shafts
Of wrath obnoxious, God may choose his mark:
May punish, if he please, the less, to warn
The more malignant. If he spar'd not them,
Tremble and be amaz'd at thine escape,
Far guiltier England, lest he spare not thee!
Happy the man who sees a God employ'd
In all the good and ill that chequer life! p. 65.

And all were swift to follow whom all lov'd. p. 68.

* Alluding to the fog that covered both Europe and Asia during the whole summer of 1783.

A brave man knows no malice, but at once
Forgets in peace the injuries of war,
And gives his direst foe a friend's embrace. p. 69.

I would not trifle merely, though the world
Be loudest in their praise who do no more.
Yet what can satire, whether grave or gay?
It may correct a foible, may chastise
The freaks of fashion, regulate the dress,
Retrench a sword-blade, or displace a patch;
But where are its sublimer trophies found?
What vice has it subdued? whose heart reclaim'd
By rigour, or whom laugh'd into reform?
Alas! Leviathan is not so tam'd:
Laugh'd at, he laugh's again; and stricken hard,
Turns to the stroke his adamantine scales,
That fear no discipline of human hands. p. 71.

I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say that they respect themselves.
But, loose in morals, and in manners vain,
In conversation frivolous, in dress
Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse;
Frequent in park with lady at his side,
Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes;
But rare at home, and never at his books,

Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card;
Constant at routs, familiar with a round
Of Ladyships—a stranger to the poor;
Ambitious of preferment for its gold,
And well prepar'd, by ignorance and sloth,
By infidelity and love o' th' world,
To make God's work a sinecure; a slave
To his own pleasures and his patron's pride:
From such apostles, O ye mitred heads,
Preserve the Church! and lay not careless hands
On sculls that cannot teach, and will not learn.
Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own—
Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
His master strokes, and draw from his design.
I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impress'd
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.

* * * * *

In man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the Altar, in my soul I loath
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn;
Object of my implacable disgust. p. 74.

I seek divine simplicity in him
Who handles things divine;—

* * * * *

Some, decent in demeanour while they preach,
That task perform'd, relapse into themselves;
And having spoken wisely, at the close
Grow wanton, and give proof to ev'ry eye—
Whoe'er was edified, themselves were not! p. 75.

A heav'nly mind
May be indiff'rent to her house of clay,
And slight the hovel as beneath her care;
But how a body so fantastic, trim,
And quaint, in its deportment and attire,
Can lodge a heav'nly mind—demands a doubt:
He that negotiates between God and man,
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful
To court a grin, when you should woo a soul;
To break a jest, when pity would inspire
Pathetic exhortation; and t' address
The skittish fancy with facetious tales,
When sent with God's commission to the heart!
So did not Paul. Direct me to a quip
Or merry turn in all he ever wrote,
And I consent you take it for your text,
Your only one, till sides and benches fail.
No: he was serious in a serious cause,
And understood too well the weighty terms

That he had ta'en in charge. He would not stoop
To conquer those by jocular exploits,
Whom truth and soberness assail'd in vain. p. 76.

O popular applause! what heart of man
Is proof against thy sweet seducing charms?
The wisest and the best feel urgent need
Of all their caution in thy gentlest gales;
But, swell'd into a gust—who, then, alas!
With all his canvass set, and inexpert,
And therefore heedless, can withstand thy power?
Praise from the rival'd lips of toothless bald
Decrepitude; and in the looks of lean
And craving poverty; and in the bow
Respectful of the smutch'd artificer;
Is oft too welcome, and may much disturb
The bias of the purpose. How much more,
Pour'd forth by beauty splendid and polite,
In language soft as adoration breathes?
Ah, spare your idol! think him human still.
Charms he may have, but he has frailties too!
Dote not too much, nor spoil what ye admire. p. 77.

We sacrifice to dress, till household joys
And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellars dry,
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires;
And introduces hunger, frost and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign. p. 81.

So fare we in this prison-house, the world.

And 'tis a fearful spectacle to see
So many maniacs dancing in their chains. p. 83.

A priesthood such as Baal's was of old,
A people such as never was till now.

* * * * *

In colleges and halls, in ancient days,
When learning, virtue, piety, and truth,
Were precious, and inculcated with care,
There dwelt a sage call'd Discipline.

* * * * *

The occupation dearest to his heart
Was to encourage goodness. He would stroke
The head of modest and ingenuous worth,
That blush'd at its own praise; and press the youth
Close to his side that pleas'd him. Learning grew
Beneath his care, a thriving vig'rous plant;
The mind was well inform'd, the passions held
Subordinate, and diligence was choice.

Discipline at length,
O'erlook'd and unemploy'd, fell sick and died.
Then study languish'd, emulation slept,
And virtue fled. p. 85.

The curb's invented, for the mulish mouth
Of head-strong youth, were broken; p. 86.

Some minds are temper'd happily, and mix'd
With such ingredients of good sense and taste

Of what is excellent in man, they thirst
With such a zeal to be what they approve,
That no restraints can circumscribe them more
Than they themselves by choice, for wisdom's sake;
Nor can example hurt them: what they see
Of vice in others but enhancing more
The charms of virtue in their just esteem.
If such escape contagion, and emerge
Pure, from so foul a pool, to shine abroad,
And give the world their talents and themselves,
Small thanks to those whose negligence or sloth,
Expos'd their inexperience to the snare,
And left them to an undirected choice.

* * * * *

Well may the Church wage unsuccessful war,
With such artill'ry arm'd. p. 86.

If chance at length he find a greensward smooth
And faithful to the foot, his spirits rise,
He cherups brisk his ear-erecting steed,
And winds his way with pleasure and with ease. p. 91.

I feel myself at large,
Courageous, and refresh'd for future toil,
If toil await me, or if dangers need.

* * * * *

What chance that I, to fame so little known,
Nor conversant with men or manners much,
Should speak to purpose,

* * * * *

——————— 'Twere wiser far
For me, enamour'd of sequester'd scenes,
And charm'd with rural beauty, to repose,
Where chance may throw me,—

* * * * *

To muse in silence, or at least confine
Remarks that gall so many to the few
My partner's in retreat. Disgust conceal'd
Is oft times proof of wisdom, when the fault
Is obstinate, and cure beyond our reach. p. 92.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has surviv'd the fall!
Though few now taste thee unimpair'd and pure,
Or, tasting, long enjoy thee; too infirm,
Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets
Unmix'd with drops of bitter, which neglect,
Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup.
Thou art the nurse of Virtue.—In thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heav'n-born, and destin'd to the skies again. p. 93.

For thou art meek and constant, hating change,
And, finding, in the calm of truth-tried love,
Joys that her stormy raptures never yield.
Forsaking thee, what shipwreck have we made
Of honour, dignity, and fair renown! p. 93.

I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since; with many an arrow deep infix'd,

My panting side was charg'd, when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by one who had himself
Been hurt by th' archers. In his side he bore
And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and heal'd, and bade me live.
Since then, with few associates, in remote
And silent woods I wander, far from those
My former partners of the peopled scene;
With few associates, and not wishing more.
Here much I ruminate, as much I may,
With other views of men and manners now
Than once, and others of a life to come.
I see that all are wanderers, gone astray
Each in his own delusions; they are lost
In chase of fancied happiness still woo'd
And never won. Dream after dream ensues;
And still they dream that they shall still succeed,
And still are disappointed. Rings the world
With the vain stir. I sum up half mankind,
And add two thirds of the remaining half,
And find the total of their hopes and fears
Dreams, empty dreams. p. 96.

Such powers I boast not.— p. 99.

But if his word once teach us, shoot a ray
Through all the heart's dark chambers, and reveal
Truths undiscern'd but by that holy light,

Then all is plain.

* * * * *

The only amaranthine flow'r on earth
Is virtue; th' only lasting treasure, truth. p. 101.

O, friendly to the best pursuits of man,
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
Domestic life in rural leisure pass'd!
Few know thy value, and few taste thy sweets;
Though many boast thy favours, and affect
To understand and choose thee for their own.

* * * * *

They love the country, and none else, who seek
For their own sake its silence and its shade.

* * * * *

Well—one at least is safe. One shelter'd hare
Has never heard the sanguinary yell
Of cruel man, exulting in her woes.
Innocent partner of my peaceful home,
Whom ten long years' experience of my care
Has made at last familiar; she has lost
Much of her vigilant instinctive dread,
Not needful here, beneath a roof like mine.
Yes—thou may'st eat thy bread, and lick the hand
That feeds thee; thou may'st frolic on the floor
At evening, and at night retire secure
To thy straw couch, and slumber unalarm'd;
For I have gain'd thy confidence, have pledg'd
All that is human in me to protect
Thine unsuspecting gratitude and love.

If I survive thee, I will dig thy grave;
And, when I place thee in it, sighing, say,
I knew at least one hare that had a friend. p. 103.

How various his employments, whom the world
Calls idle; and who justly, in return,
Esteems that busy world an idler too! p. 104.

A life all turbulence and noise, may seem,
To him that leads it, wise, and to be prais'd;
But wisdom is a pearl, with most success
Sought in still water, and beneath clear skies.
* * * * *
The morning finds the self sequester'd man,
Fresh for his task, intend what task he may. p. 105.

Nor does he govern only, or direct,
But much performs himself. No works indeed,
That ask robust tough sinews, bred to toil,
Servile employ; but such as may amuse,
Not tire, demanding rather skill than force.

So manifold, all pleasing in their kind,
All healthful are th' employs of rural life,
Reiterated as the wheel of time
Runs round; still ending, and beginning still. p. 113.

Had I the choice of sublunary good,
What could I wish, that I possess not here?
Health, leisure, means t' improve it, friendship, peace,
And constant occupation without care.

* * * * *

And what they will not taste, must yet approve. p. 116.

——————————— Cities then
Attract us, and neglected nature pines,
Abandon'd, as unworthy of our love
* * * * *
But we have bid farewell
To all the virtues of those better days,
* * * * *
'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates,
At a safe distance where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on th' uninjur'd ear.
Thus setting, and surveying, thus at ease,
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanc'd
To some secure, and more than mortal height,
That lib'rates and exempts me from them all.
——————————— The sound of war
Has lost its terrors, ere it reaches me;
Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
And av'rice that makes man a wolf to man;
Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats,
By which he speaks the language of his heart,
And sigh, but never tremble at the sound. p. 127.

I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art!

* * * * *

I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted ev'ning, know. p. 126.

The volume clos'd, the customary rites
Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal;
Such as the mistress of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's domestic shade,
Enjoy'd—spare feast! a radish and an egg! p. 129.

Come then, and thou shalt find thy vot'ry calm,
Or make him so. Composure is thy gift. p. 132.

My pleasures, too, begin. —— ——
* * * * *
Not undelightful is an hour to me
So spent in parlour twilight. Such a gloom
Suits well the thoughtful or unthinking mind. p. 133.

'Tis thus the understanding takes repose,
In indolent vacuity of thought,
And sleeps, and is refresh'd. —— ——
* * * * *
How calm is my recess; and how the frost,
Raging abroad, and the rough wind, endear

The silence and the warmth, enjoy'd within. p. 134.

In such a world; so thorny, and where none
Finds happiness unblighted; or if found,
Without some thistly sorrow at his side;
It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin
Against the law of love, to measure lots
With less distinguish'd than ourselves; that thus,
We may with patience, bear our mod'rate ills,
And sympathise with others, suff'ring more. p. 135.

Thy frame, robust and hardy, feels indeed
The piercing cold, but feels it unimpair'd.
The learned finger never need explore
Thy vig'rous pulse; and the unhealthful east,
That breathes the spleen, and searches ev'ry bone
Of the infirm, is wholesome air to thee.
* * * * *
Ah, treat them kindly! rude as thou appear'st,
Yet shew that thou hast mercy! which the great,
With needless hurry, whirl'd from place to place,
Humane as they would seem, not always shew. p. 136.

The frugal housewife trembles when she lights
Her scanty stock of brush-wood, blazing clear,
But dying soon, like all terrestrial joys.
* * * * *
Where penury is felt, the thought is chain'd,
And sweet colloquial pleasures are but few! p. 137.

I praise you much, ye meek and patient pair,
For ye are worthy; choosing rather far
A dry, but independent crust, hard earn'd,
And eaten with a sigh, than to endure
The rugged frowns, and insolent rebuffs
Of knaves in office, partial in the work
Of distribution. —— —— —— ——.

* * * * *

But be ye of good courage! time itself
Shall much befriend you. —— —— p. 138.

Cruel is all he does. —— —— —— p. 139.

Fierce the dispute, whate'er the theme. p. 140.

—— —— —— —— Then speech profane,
And manners profligate, were rarely found,
Observ'd as prodigies, and soon reclaim'd. p. 142.

The town has ting'd the country; and the stain
Appears a spot upon a vestal's robe,
The worse for what it soils —— —— ——

* * * * *

Lamented change! to which full many a cause
Invet'rate, hopeless of a cure, conspires.
The course of human things from good to ill,
From ill to worse, is fatal, never fails. p. 144.

Perhaps, though by profession ghostly pure,
He too may have his vice, and sometimes prove

Less dainty than becomes his grave outside
In lucrative concerns. —— —— ——

* * * * *

Arms, through the vanity and brainless rage
Of those that bear them, in whatever cause,
Seem most at variance with all moral good,
And incompatible with serious thought. p. 145.

—— —— —— —— By slow degrees,
Unapt to learn, and form'd of stubborn stuff,
He yet by slow degrees puts off himself,
Grows conscious of a change, and likes it well.

* * * * *

And his three years of heroship expir'd,
Returns indignant to the slighted plough.
He hates the field, in which no fife or drum
Attends him; drives his cattle to a march;
And sighs for the smart comrades he has left.
'Twere well if his exterior change were all—
But with his clumsy port the wretch has lost
His ignorance and harmless manners too!
Man in society is like a flower
Blown in its native bed: 'tis there alone
His faculties expanded in full bloom,
Shine out; there only reach their proper use. p. 147.

But, slighted as it is, and by the great
Abandon'd, and which still I more regret,
Infected with the manners and the modes
It knew at once, the country wins me still.

I never fram'd a wish, or form'd a plan,
That flatter'd me with hopes of earthly bliss,
But there I laid the scene. There early stray'd
My fancy, ere yet liberty of choice
Had found me, or the hope of being free.
My very dreams were rural. —— ——

* * * * *

—— —— —— Heroes and their feats
Fatigu'd me. —— —— —— ——

* * * * *

Then Milton had indeed a poet's charms:
New to my taste, his Paradise surpass'd
The struggling efforts of my boyish tongue
To speak its excellence. I danc'd for joy.
I marvell'd much, that at so ripe an age
As twice seven years, his beauties had then first
Engag'd my wonder: and admiring still,
And still admiring, with regret suppos'd
The joy half lost because not sooner found. p. 149.

—— —— A breath of unadult'rate air,
The glimpse of a green pasture, how they cheer
The citizen, and brace his languid frame!

* * * * *

—— —— There the pitcher stands
A fragment, and the spoutless teapot there;
Sad witnesses how close-pent man regrets
The country, with what ardour he contrives
A peep at nature, when he can no more.

* * * * *

—— —— —— Hail, rural life!
Address himself who will to the pursuit
Of honours, or emoluments, or fame;
I shall not add myself to such a chase,
Thwart his attempts, or envy his success.
Some must be great. Great offices will have
Great talents. And God gives to ev'ry man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
That lifts him into life; and lets him fall
Just in the niche he was ordain'd to fill.
To the deliv'rer of an injur'd land
He gives a tongue t' enlarge upon, a heart
To feel, and courage to redress her wrongs;
To monarchs, dignity; to judges, sense;
To artists, ingenuity and skill;
To me, an unambitious mind, content
In the low vale of life, that early felt
A wish for ease and leisure, and ere long
Found here that leisure and that ease I wish'd. p. 152.

Some have amus'd the dull, sad years of life
(Life spent in indolence, and therefore sad),
With schemes of monumental fame; and sought
By pyramids and mausolean pomp,
Short-liv'd themselves, t' immortalise their bones.
Some seek diversion in the tented field,
And make the sorrows of mankind their sport.

* * * * *

—— —— —— In ev'ry heart
Are sown the sparks that kindle fiery war;

Occasion needs but fan them, and they blaze. p. 162.

When man was multiplied and spread abroad
In tribes and clans, and had begun to call
These meadows and that range of hills his own. p. 163.

Such dupes are men to custom, and so prone
To rev'rence what is ancient, and can plead
A course of long observance for its use.
* * * * *
My native nook of earth! Thy clime is rude,
Replete with vapours, and disposes much
All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine. p. 172.

We turn to dust, and all our mightiest works
Die too. ——— ——— ——— ——— p. 174.

But there is yet a liberty, unsung
By poets, and by senators unprais'd,
Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the pow'rs
Of earth and hell confed'rate take away:
A liberty, which persecution, fraud,
Oppression, prisons, have no pow'r to bind. p. 175.

——— ——— ——— ——— The loss of all
That can ennoble man, and make frail life,
Short as it is, supportable. ——— ———
* * * * *
That scruple checks him. Riot is not loud,
Nor drunk enough to drown it. In the midst

Of laughter his compunctions are sincere;
And he abhors the jest by which he shines. p. 177.

But transformation of apostate man
From fool to wise, from earthly to divine,
Is work for him that made him. He alone,
And he by means in philosophic eyes
Trivial and worthy of disdain, achieves
The wonder. —— —— —— —— p. 180.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. —— —— ——

* * * * *

Acquaint thyself with God if thou wouldst taste
His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before.

* * * * *

His freedom is the same in ev'ry state;
And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cares, whose ev'ry day
Brings its own evil with it, makes it less:
For he has wings, that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury, can cripple or confine.
No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
With ease, and is at large. —— —— —— p. 183.

—— —— The landscape has his praise,
But not its Author. —— —— —— ——

* * * * *

But, O thou bounteous giver of all good,

Thou art of all thy gifts, thyself the crown!
Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor;
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away. p. 188.

Short as in retrospect the journey seems,
It seem'd not always short; the rugged path,
And prospect oft so dreary and forlorn,
Mov'd many a sigh at its disheart'ning length.
Yet, feeling present evils, while the past
Faintly impress the mind, or not at all,
How readily we wish time spent revok'd,
That we might try the ground again, where once
(Through inexperience, as we now perceive)
We miss'd that happiness we might have found!
Some friend is gone, perhaps his son's best friend!
A father, whose authority, in show
When most severe, and must'ring all its force,
Was but the graver countenance of love;
Whose favour, like the clouds of spring, might low'r,
And utter now and then an awful voice,
But had a blessing in its darkest frown,
Threat'ning at once, and nourishing the plant.
We lov'd, but not enough, the gentle hand
That rear'd us. At a thoughtless age, allur'd
By ev'ry gilded folly, we renounc'd
His shelt'ring side, and wilfully forewent
That converse which we now in vain regret.
How gladly would the man recall to life
The boy's neglected sire! a mother too,
That softer friend, perhaps more gladly still,

Might he demand them at the gates of death.
Sorrow has, since they went, subdu'd and tam'd
The playful humour; he could now endure,
(Himself grown sober in the vale of tears)
And feel a parent's presence no restraint.
But not to understand a treasure's worth
Till time has stolen away the slighted good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is. p. 193.

Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,
Charms more than silence. Meditation here
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And learning wiser grow without his books.
Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oft times no connexion. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude, unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which wisdom builds,
Till smooth'd, and squar'd, and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber whom it seems t' enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much.
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more. p. 195.

All we behold is miracle; but seen
So duly, all is miracle in vain. p. 196.

Here, unmolested, through whatever sign

The sun proceeds, I wander. Neither mist,
Nor freezing sky, nor sultry checking me,
Nor stranger intermeddling with my joy. p. 202.

The heart is hard in nature, and unfit
For human fellowship, as being void
Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike
To love and friendship both, that is not pleas'd
With sight of animals enjoying life,
Nor feels their happiness augment his own. p. 203.

He rul'd with meekness, they obey'd with joy;
No cruel purpose lurk'd within his heart,
And no distrust of his intent in theirs. p. 204.

And fear as yet was not nor cause for fear. p. 204.

They prove too often at how dear a rate
He sells protection. ——— —— —— p. 206.

He too, is witness, noblest of the train
That wait on man, the flight-performing horse:
With unsuspecting readiness he takes
His murd'rer on his back, and push'd all day,
With bleeding sides, and flanks that heave for life,
To the far-distant goal, arrives and dies.
So little mercy shows who needs so much!

* * * * *

But many a crime, deem'd innocent on earth,
Is register'd in heav'n; ——— —— ——

* * * * *

Man may dismiss compassion from his heart,
But God will never. —●— —— —— p. 207.

Feed on the slain, but spare the living brute!

* * * * *

He hates the hardness of a Balaam's heart;
And, prophet as he was, he might not strike
The blameless animal without rebuke,
On which he rode. —— —— —— p. 208.

Vicious in act, in temper, savage-fierce.

* * * * *

—— —— Fam'd for piety, for years
Deserving honour, but for wisdom more.

* * * * *

—— —— —— With a smile
Gentle and affable, and full of grace,
As fearful of offending whom he wish'd
Much to persuade, he plied his ear with truths
Not harshly * utter'd forth or rudely press'd,
But, like his purpose, gracious, kind, and sweet. p. 209.

The phrenzy of the brain may be redress'd
By med'cine well apply'd, but without grace
The heart's insanity admits no cure.

* * * * *

So on they far'd. Discourse on other themes
Ensuing, seem'd t' obliterate the past;

* Thunder'd.

And, tamer far for so much fury shown,
(As is the course of rash and fiery men)
The rude companion smil'd, as if transform'd.
But 'twas a transient calm. A storm was near,
An unsuspected storm. His hour was come.

* * * * *

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though grac'd with polish'd manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at ev'ning in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live. p. 211.

A necessary act incurs no blame.

* * * * *

The sum is this.—If man's convenience, health,
Or safety, interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.

* * * * *

——— ——— The spring-time of our years
Is soon dishonour'd and defil'd in most
By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand
To check them. But, alas! none sooner shoots,
If unrestrain'd, into luxuriant growth,
Than cruelty, most * dreadful of them all.
Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule
And righteous limitation of its act,

* Devilish.

By which heav'n moves in pard'ning guilty man;
And he that shows none, being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it, and not find it, in his turn. p. 212.

Distinguish'd much by reason, and still more
By our capacity of grace divine,
From creatures that exist but for our sake,
Which, having serv'd us, perish, we are held
Accountable; and God, some future day,
Will reckon with us roundly for th' abuse
Of what he deems no mean or trivial trust.
Superior as we are, they yet depend
Not more on human help than we on theirs.
Their strength, or speed, or vigilance, were giv'n
In aid of our defects. ——— ——— ———

* * * * *

But learn we might, if not too proud to stoop
To quadruped instructers, many a good
And useful quality, and virtue too,
Rarely exemplified among ourselves. p. 213.

But, hush!—the muse, perhaps, is too severe;
And, with a gravity beyond the size
And measure of th' offence, rebukes a deed
Less impious than absurd, and owing more
To want of judgment than to wrong design. p. 215.

——— ——— ——— Ah pleasant proof
That piety has still in human hearts

Some place, a spark or two not yet extinct.

* * * * *

——— ——— ——— That moon at full,
That finds out ev'ry crevice of the head
That is not sound and perfect, hath in theirs
Wrought this disturbance. ——— ——— ——— p. 216.

And I am recompens'd, and deem the toils
Of poetry not lost, if verse of mine
May stand between an animal and woe,
And teach one tyrant pity for his drudge. p. 217.

The lion, and the libbard, and the bear
Graze with the fearless flocks; all bask at noon
Together, or all gambol in the shade
Of the same grove, and drink one common stream.
Antipathies are none. ——— ——— ——— ——— p. 219.

Here ev'ry drop of honey hides a sting;
Worms wind themselves into our sweetest flow'rs;
p. 221.
Where he that fills an office shall esteem
Th' occasion it presents of doing good
More than the perquisite: ——— ——— ———

* * * * *

——— ——— ——— Who will may preach,
And what they will. All pastors are alike
To wand'ring sheep, resolv'd to follow none. p. 123.

He is the happy man, whose life e'en now

Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;
* * * * *

The world o'erlooks him in her busy search
Of objects, more illustrious in her view;
And, occupied as earnestly as she,
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.
She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not;
He seeks not her's, for he has prov'd them vain.
He cannot skim the ground like summer birds
Pursuing gilded flies; and such he deems
Her honours, her emoluments, her joys. p. 224.

Not slothful he, though seeming unemploy'd,
And censur'd oft as useless. Stillest streams
Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird
That flutters least, is longest on the wing.
Ask him, indeed, what trophies he has rais'd,
Or what achievements of immortal fame
He purposes, and he shall answer—None.
His warfare is within. There unfatigu'd
His fervent spirit labours. There he fights,
And there obtains fresh triumphs o'er himself;
And never-with'ring wreaths, compar'd with which
The laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds. p. 226.

Forgive him then, thou bustler in concerns
Of little worth, an idler in the best,
If author of no mischief and some good.
He seeks his proper happiness by means
That may advance, but cannot hinder, thine.

Nor, though he tread the secret path of life,
Engage no notice, and enjoy much ease,
Account him an incumbrance on the state,
Receiving benefits, and rend'ring none.

* * * * *

The man, whose virtues are more felt than seen,
Must drop indeed the hope of public praise;
But he may boast what few that win it can—
That, if his country stand not by his skill,
At least his follies have not wrought her fall. p. 226.

'Tis not in artful measures, in the chime,
And idle tinkling of a minstrel's lyre,
To charm his ear, whose eye is on the heart;
Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,
Whose approbation—Prosper even mine.

EXTRACTS FROM COWPER'S TIROCINIUM.

It is not from his form, in which we trace
Strength join'd with beauty, dignity with grace;
That man, the master of this globe, derives
His right of empire over all that lives:
That form, indeed, th' associate of a mind,
Vast in its pow'rs, etherial in its kind,
That form, the labour of Almighty skill,
Fram'd for the service of a free-born will,
Asserts precedence, and bespeaks control,
But borrows all its grandeur from the soul.

* * * * *

Though laden, not encumber'd with her spoil;
Laborious, yet unconscious of her toil;
When copiously supplied, then most enlarg'd;
Still to be fed, and not to be surcharg'd.

* * * * *

Till autumn's fiercer heats and plenteous dews
Dye them at last in all their glowing hues—

* * * * *

The wildest scorner of his Maker's laws
Finds in a sober moment time to pause,

To press th' important question on his heart,
"Why form'd at all, and wherefore as thou art?

* * * * *

Truths that the learn'd pursue with eager thought,
Are not important always as dear bought,
Proving at last though told in pompous strains,
A childish waste of philosophic pains;
But truths on which depend our main concern,
That 'tis our shame and mis'ry not to learn,
Shine by the side of ev'ry path we tread,
With such a lustre, he that runs may read.

* * * * *

This once believ'd, 'twere logic misapplied,
To prove a consequence by none denied,
That we are bound to cast the minds of youth
Betimes into the mould of heav'nly truth,
That, taught of God, they may indeed be wise,
Nor, ignorantly wand'ring, miss the skies.
In early days the conscience has in most
A quickness, which in later life is lost;
Preserv'd from guilt by salutary fears,
Or, guilty, soon relenting into tears.
Too careless often, as our years proceed,
What friends we sort with, or what books we read.

* * * * *

How weak the barrier of mere nature proves,
Oppos'd against the pleasures nature loves!

* * * * *

Would you your son should be a sot or dunce,
Lascivious, headstrong, or all these at once;

That, in good time, the stripling's finish'd taste
For loose expense and fashionable waste,
Should prove your ruin and his own at last;
Train him in public with a mob of boys,
Childish in mischief only, and in noise,
Else of a manish growth, and five in ten,
In infidelity and lewdness, men.
There shall he learn, ere sixteen winters old,
That authors are most useful pawn'd or sold;
That pedantry is all that schools impart,
But taverns teach the knowledge of the heart;
There waiter Dick with Bacchanalian lays,
Shall win his heart, and have his drunken praise.

* * * * *

Schools, unless discipline were doubly strong,
Detain their adolescent charge too long;
The management of tiros of eighteen
Is difficult, their punishment obscene.
The stout tall captain, whose superior size
The minor heroes view with envious eyes,
Becomes their patron, upon whom they fix
Their whole attention, and ape all his tricks.
His pride, that scorns t' obey or to submit,
With them is courage; his effront'ry wit.
His wild excursions, window-breaking feats,
Robb'ry of gardens, quarrels in the streets,
His hair-breadth 'scapes, and all his daring schemes
Transport them, and are made their fav'rite themes.

* * * * *

To ensure the perseverance of his course,

And give your monstrous project all its force,
Send him to college. If he there be tam'd,
Or in one article of vice reclaim'd,
Where no regard to ord'nances is shown,
Or look'd for now, the fault must be his own.

* * * * *

Such youths of spirit, and that spirit too,
Ye nurs'ries of our boys, we owe to you!
Though from ourselves the mischief more proceeds,
For public schools 'tis public folly feeds.
The slaves of custom and establish'd mode,
With pack-horse constancy we keep the road,
Crooked or straight, through quags or thorny dells,
True to the jingling of our leader's bells.

* * * * *

I blame not those, who, with what care they can,
N'er watch the num'rous and unruly clan;
Or, if I blame, 'tis only that they dare
Promise a work of which they must despair.
Have ye, ye sage intendants of the whole,
An ubiquarian presence and controul—
Elisha's eye, that, when Gehazi stray'd,
Went with him, and saw all the game he play'd?

* * * * *

But ye connive at what ye cannot cure,
And evils, not to be endur'd, endure,
Lest power exerted, but without success,
Should make the little ye retain still less.

* * * * *

Peace to them all! those brilliant times are fled,

And no such lights are kindling in their stead.

* * * * *

The meek and bashful boy will soon be taught
To be as bold and forward as he ought;

* * * * *

Soon see your wish fulfill'd in either child—
The pert made perter, and the tame made wild.

* * * * *

Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm,
And make mistakes for manhood to reform.
Boys are at best but pretty buds unblown;
Whose scent and hues are rather guess'd than known;
Each dreams that he is just what he appears,
But learns his error in maturer years,
When disposition like a sail unfurl'd
Shows all its rents and patches to the world.

* * * * *

Weigh, for a moment, classical desert
Against a heart deprav'd, a temper hurt;
Hurt, too, perhaps for life; for early wrong,
Done to the nobler part, affects it long;

* * * * *

Great schools rejected, then, as those that swell
Beyond a size that can be manag'd well,
Shall royal institutions miss the bays,
And small academies win all the praise?
Force not my drift beyond its just intent,
I praise a school as Pope a government;
So take my judgment in his language dress'd—
"Whate'er is best administer'd is best."

Few boys are born with talents that excel,
But all are capable of living well;
Then ask not, whether limited or large?
But, watch they strictly, or neglect their charge?
If anxious only that their boys may *learn*,
While *morals* languish, a despis'd concern,
The great and small deserve one common blame,
Diff'rent in size, but in effect the same.
Much zeal in virtue's cause all teachers boast,
Though motives of mere lucre sway the most;
Therefore in towns and cities they abound,
For there the game they seek is easiest found.

* * * * *

He will not blush, that has a father's heart,
To take in childish plays a childish part;
But bends his sturdy back to any toy
That youth takes pleasure in, to please his boy:
Then why resign into a stranger's hand
A task as much within your own command,
That God and nature, and your int'rest too,
Seem with one voice to delegate to you?
Why hire a lodging in a house unknown
For one whose tend'rest thoughts all hover round your own?
This second weaning, needless as it is,
How does it lac'rate both your heart and his!
Th' intended stick, that loses day by day
Notch after notch, till all are smooth'd away,
Bears witness, long ere his dismission come,
With what intense desire he wants his home.

But, though the joys he hopes beneath your roof
Bid fair enough to answer in the proof,
Harmless, and safe, and nat'ral, as they are,
A disappointment waits him even there;
Arriv'd, he feels an unexpected change;
He blushes, hangs his head, is shy and strange,
No longer takes, as once with fearless ease,
His fav'rite stand between his father's knees,
But seeks the corner of some distant seat,
And eyes the door, and watches a retreat,
And, least familiar where he should be most,
Feels all his happiest privileges lost.
Alas, poor boy!—the natural effect
Of love by absence chill'd into respect.

* * * * *

So num'rous are the follies that annoy
The mind and heart of every sprightly boy;
Imaginations noxious and perverse,
Which admonition can alone disperse.
Th' encroaching nuisance asks a faithful hand,
Patient, affectionate, of high command,
To check the procreation of a breed
Sure to exhaust the plant on which they feed.

* * * * *

For such is all the mental food purvey'd
By public hacknies in the schooling trade;
Who feed a pupil's intellect with store
Of syntax, truly, but with little more;
Dismiss their cares when they dismiss their flock—
Machines themselves, and govern'd by a clock.

* * * * *

To teach his heart to glow with gen'rous flame,
Caught from the deeds of men of ancient fame;
And, more than all, with commendation due,
To set some living worthy in his view,
Whose fair example may at once inspire
A wish to copy what he must admire.

* * * * *

Art thou a man professionally tied,
With all thy faculties elsewhere applied,
Too busy t' intend a meaner care,
Than how t' enrich thyself, and next thine heir?
Or art thou (as, though rich, perhaps thou art)
But poor in knowledge, having none t' impart?
Behold that figure, neat, though plainly clad;
His sprightly mingled with a shade of sad;
Not of a nimble tongue, though now and then
Heard to articulate like other men;
No jester, and yet lively in discourse,
His phrase well chosen, clear, and full of force;
And his address, if not quite French in ease,
Not English stiff, but frank, and form'd to please;
Low in the world, because he scorns its arts;
A man of letters, manners, morals, parts;
Unpatronis'd, and therefore little known;
Wise for himself and his few friends alone—
In him thy well-appointed proxy see,
Arm'd for a work too difficult for thee;
Prepar'd by taste, by learning, and true worth,
To form thy son, to strike his genius forth;

Beneath thy roof, beneath thine eye, to prove
The force of discipline when back'd by love;
To double all thy pleasure in thy child,
His mind inform'd, his morals undefil'd.
Safe under such a wing, the boy shall show
No spots contracted among grooms below.

* * * * *

Are such men rare? perhaps they would abound
Were occupation easier to be found,
Were education, else so sure to fail,
Conducted on a manageable scale,
And schools, that have outliv'd all just esteem,
Exchang'd for the secure domestic scheme.

* * * * *

But, if thy table be indeed unclean,
Foul with excess, and with discourse obscene,
And thou a wretch, whom, following her old plan,
The world accounts an honourable man,
Because, forsooth, thy courage has been tried
And stood the test, perhaps on the wrong side;
Though thou hadst never grace enough to prove
That any thing but vice could win thy love;
Or hast thou a polite, card-playing wife,
Chain'd to the routs that she frequents for life;
Who, just when industry begins to snore,
Flies, wing'd with joy to some coach-crowded door;
And thrice in ev'ry winter throngs thine own
With half the chariots and sedans in town,
Or is thine house, though less superb thy rank,
If not a scene of pleasure, a mere blank,

And though at best, and in thy sob'rest mood,
A trifler vain, and empty of all good;
Though mercy for thyself thou canst have none,
Hear nature plead, show mercy to thy son.
Sav'd from his home, where ev'ry day brings forth
Some mischief fatal to his future worth,
Find him a better in a distant spot,
Within some pious pastor's humble cot,
Where vile example (yours I chiefly mean,
The most seducing and the oft'nest seen)
May never more be stamp'd upon his breast,
Nor yet perhaps incurably impress'd:
Where early rest makes early rising sure,
Disease or comes not, or finds easy cure,
Prevented much by diet neat and plain;
Or if it enter, soon starv'd out again:—
Where all th' attention of his faithful host,
Discreetly limited to two at most,
May raise such fruits as shall reward his care,
And not at last evaporate in air:—
Where stillness, aiding study, and his mind
Serene, and to his duties much inclin'd,
Not occupied in day dreams, as at home,
Of pleasures past, or follies yet to come,
His virtuous toil may terminate at last
In settled habit and decided taste.

* * * * *

And, if it chance, as sometimes chance it will,
That, though school-bred, the boy be virtuous still;
Such rare exceptions, shining in the dark,

Prove, rather than impeach, the just remark:
As here and there a twinkling star descried,
Serves but to show how black is all beside.
Now look on him, whose very voice in tone
Just echoes thine, whose features are thine own,
And stroke his polish'd cheek of purest red,
And lay thine hand upon his flaxen head,
And say, my boy, th' unwelcome hour is come,
When thou, transplanted from thy genial home,
Must find a colder soil and bleaker air,
And trust for safety to a stranger's care;
What character, what turn thou wilt assume
From constant converse with I know not whom;
Who there will court thy friendship, with what views,
And, artless as thou art, whom thou wilt choose;
Though much depends on what thy choice shall be,
Is all chance-medley, and unknown to me.

* * * * *

And, though I would not advertise them yet,
Nor write on each—this building to be let,
Unless the world were all prepar'd t' embrace
A plan well worthy to supply their place;
Yet, backward as they are, and long have been,
To cultivate and keep the morals clean
(Forgive the crime) I wish them, I confess,
Or better manag'd, or encourag'd less.

EXTRACTS FROM POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN.

PRESUMPTUOUS man! the reason wouldst thou find,
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind!
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less!
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade?

* * * * *

If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter soon or late, or here or there?
The blest to-day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.

* * * * *

The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n.
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n.

* * * * *

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall.

* * * * *

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher, death, and God adore!
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.

* * * * *

Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold!
To be, content's his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

* * * * *

In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel;
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against th' eternal cause.

* * * * *

Why charge we heav'n in those, in these acquit?

In both, to reason right is to submit.

* * * * *

Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest with all?

* * * * *

Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

* * * * *

Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony, not understood:
All partial evil, universal good.

* * *

Could * he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?
Alas, what wonder! man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art:
But when his own great work is but begun,
What reason weaves, by passion is undone.

* * * * *

And hence one master-passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

* * * * *

Newton.

The young disease, which must subdue, at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength.

* * * * *

Reason itself but gives it edge and power,
As heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.

* * * * *

Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!

* * * * *

So when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.

* * * * *

Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or oft (more strong than all) the love of ease.

* * * * *

Vice is a monster of so frightful mein,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

* * * * *

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool, by fits is fair and wise,
And e'en the best, by fits what they despise.

* * * * *

Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief.

* * * * *

Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.

* * * * *

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
The poor contents him with the care of heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chymist in his golden views
Supremely blest, the poet in his muse.
See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all a common friend;

* * * * *

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:

* * * * *

Each want of happiness by hope supply'd,
And each vacuity of sense by pride:

* * * * *

One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain;
See! and confess, one comfort still must rise,
'Tis this, though man's a fool, yet God is wise.

* * * * *

Nothing is foreign: parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preserving soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least;

Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast;

* * * * *

Know nature 's children shall divide her care,
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.

* * * * *

Say will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay, the insect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when philomela sings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;
For some his int'rest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:

* * * * *

That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves:
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And, till he ends the being, makes it blest;

* * * * *

The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er.

* * * * *

The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.

* * * * *

Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, states the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

* * * * *

Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live, the butcher, and the tomb;
Who, foe to nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.

* * * * *

Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.

* * * * *

For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd, is best:
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right:
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is Charity:
All must be false that thwart this one great end,
And all of God, that bless mankind or mend.

* * * * *

Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives;
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.

* * * * *

No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit, rest self-satisfied.
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend.
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink;

Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.
Order is heav'n's first law; and this confest
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.

* * * * *

But mutual wants this happiness increase,
All nature's diff'rence keeps all nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend;
Heav'n breathes, through ev'ry member of the whole,
One common blessing, as one common soul.

* * * * *

Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better, or of worse.

* * * * *

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But health consists with temperance alone,
And peace, O virtue! peace is all thy own.

* * * * *

Take nature's path, and mad opinions leave,
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell,
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;

Heroes are much the same, the points agreed,

From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole strange purpose of their lives to find,
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!

* * * * *

Who wickedly is wise or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates; that man is great indeed.

* * * * *

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod,
An honest man's the noblest work of God.

* * * * *

All fame is foreign, but of true desert,
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.
In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others' faults, and feel our own;
Condemn'd in business or in arts to drudge:
Without a second or without a judge.
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourself toview
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account,
Make fair deductions, see to what they 'mount.
How much of other each is sure to cost;
How each for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these;
How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease:
Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
Say, would'st thou be the man to whom they fall?

* * * * *

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:

* * * * *

If all united, thy ambition call,
From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
See the false scale of happiness complete!

* * * * *

Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame!
What greater bliss attends their close of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade,
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.

* * * * *

Know then this truth, (enough for man to know)
'Virtue alone is happiness below.'
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;

The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain;
And if it lose, attended with no pain;
Without satiety, though e'er so blest,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears.
Good from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;
Never dejected, while another's bless'd;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

* * * * *

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity.
God loves from whole to parts; but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace,
His country next, and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, the o'erflowings of the mind

Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

* * * * *

That virtue only makes our bliss below;
And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know.

EXTRACTS FROM POPE'S PRAYER.

Thou great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confin'd,
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than Heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

* * * * *

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way;

Save me, alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe;
To hide the fault I see:
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quick'n'd by thy breath:
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

EXTRACTS FROM THOMSON'S SEASONS.

HAIL! Source of Being! Universal Soul
Of Heav'n and Earth! Essential Presence, hail!
To thee I bend the knee; to thee my thoughts
Continual climb; who with a master-hand,
Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd. p. 37.

—— —— —— —— Even so a gentle pair,
By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mould,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
Sustain'd alone by providential Heav'n,
Oft, as they weeping, eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all. p. 41.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast. p. 54.

For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To die in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life;

Total extinction of the enlightened soul!
Or else to feverish vanity alive,
Wilder'd, and tossing through distemper'd dreams?
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than nature craves; when every muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly-devious morning walk? p. 61.

Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
Of sharpening scythe, the mower sinking heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd;
And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard
Through the dumb mead. ——— ———.

* * * * *

——, ——— ——— ——— ——— In vain I sigh,
And restless turn, and look around for night;
Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.
Thrice happy he! who on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines:
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine wrought,
And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,
Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon.
Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,
Who keeps his temper'd mind serene, and pure,
And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd. p. 72.

——— ——— ——— Lay me reclin'd

Beneath the spreading tamarind that shakes,
Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit. p. 78.

Increasing still the terrors of these storms,
His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
Here dwells the direful shark, lur'd by the scent
Of steaming crowds of rank disease, and death,
Behold! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
Swift as the gale can bare the ship along;
And, from the partners of that cruel trade,
Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons,
Demands his share of prey; demands themselves.
The stormy fates descend; one death involves
Tyrants and slaves! when straight, their mangled limbs
Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal. p. 89.

——— ——— ——— You heard the groans
Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore:
Heard nightly plung'd, amid the sullen waves,
The frequent corse; while on each other fix'd
In sad presage, the blank assistant seem'd,
Silent to ask, whom fate would next demand. p. 90.

——— ——— ——— The sullen door,
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
Fearing to turn, abhors society;
Dependants, friends, relations, Love himself,
Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.

But vain their selfish care: the circling sky,
The wide enlivening air is full of fate;
And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs
They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd. p. 91.

——— ——— ——— "Fear not," he said,
Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence,
And inward storm! He, who yon skies involves
In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
That wastes at midnight, or the undreaded hour
Of noon, flies harmless: and that very voice,
Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,
With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
'Tis safety to be near thee, ——— ——— ——— p. 95.

Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
That hush'd the thunder, and serenes the sky,
Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd,
That sense of powers exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears? p. 96.

Even, from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid. p. 97.

Enough for us to know that this dark state,
In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,
This infancy of being, cannot prove
The final issue of the works of God,
By boundless Love and perfect Wisdom form'd,

And ever rising with the rising mind. p. 112.

Then to the shelter of the hut he fled;
And the wild season, sordid, pin'd away.
For home he had not; home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,
And dear relations mingle into bliss. p. 117.

All is the gift of industry; whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful. Pensive Winter cheer'd by him,
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
Th' excluded tempest idly rave along. p. 119.

Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, O, grateful think!
How good the God of harvest is to you:
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
While these unhappy partners of your kind
Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
And ask their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want
What now with hard reluctance faint ye give. p. 120.

She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale:
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,

But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which virtue sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy passion and low minded pride:
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed:
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
Content and careless of to-morrow's fare. p. 120.

For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn. p. 122.

——— ——— ——— She looks, methinks,
Of old Acasto's line: and to my mind
Recalls that patron of my happy life,
From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;
Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,
And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.
'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
His aged widow and his daughter live,
Whom yet my fruitless search could never find. p. 122.

When, strict inquiring, from herself he found,
She was the same the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acasto; who can speak
The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
And through his nerves in shivering transport ran?
p. 122.

O let me now, into a richer soil,

Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns and showers
Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
And of my garden be the pride and joy! p. 128.

——— ——— Then is the time,
For those whom wisdom and whom nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
To sooth the throbbing passions into peace;
And woo lone quiet in her silent walks.
Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the saddened grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil. p. 143.

O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground! p. 144.

Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders through the dark,
Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge;
Nor visited by one directive ray,
From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.
Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
The wild-fire scatters round, or, gathered trails

A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss:
Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,
Rider and horse, amid the miry gulf;
While still, from day to day, his pining wife,
And plaintive children his return await,
In wild conjecture lost. At other times,
Sent by the better genius of the night,
Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,
The meteor sits; and shews the narrow path,
That winding leads through pits of death, or else
Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford. p. 149.

The lengthened night elaps'd, the morning shines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.
And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
And hung on every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round. p. 149.

O knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he; who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life. p. 151.

Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,
And beat, for joyless months the gloomy wave. p. 152.

While he, from all the stormy passions free

That restless men involve, hears, and but hears
At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
Move not the man, who, from the world escap'd,
In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
To nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, through the revolving year;
Admiring, sees her in her every shape;
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more. p. 153.

Even winter wild to him is full of bliss.
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste
Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to solemn thought. ——— ——— p. 154.

A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
And mark them down for wisdom with swift wing,
O'er land and sea, imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his power. p. 154.

——— ——— The little strong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd round his neck,
And emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;
For happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social, still, and smiling kind.

This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew; the life,
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himself, with man! p. 155.

——— ——— While the cottage-hind
Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor reeks the storm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof. p. 161.

——— ——— Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispers'd,
Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.
Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind,
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will, lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict. ——— ——— p. 167.

——— ——— How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wint'ry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut,
Of cheerless poverty. ——— ——— p. 169.

Now, all amid the rigors of the year,
In the wild depth of winter, while without
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,
Between the groaning forest and the shore
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,
A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene;
Where ruddy fire, and beaming tapers join,
To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead. p. 171.

Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;
See on the hallowed hour that none intrude,
Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign
To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd,
Learning digested well, exalted faith,
Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay. p. 175.

Even in the depth of polar night, they find
A wondrous day: enough to light the chase,
Or guide their daring steps to Finland fairs. p. 184.

And half enlivened by the distant sun,
That rears and ripens man, as well as plants,
Here human nature wears its rudest form.

Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
They waste the tedious gloom. ——— p. 187.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point
Blow hollow-blustering from the south. Subdu'd
The frost resolves into a trickling thaw. p. 188.

——— ——— Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictur'd life!—Pass some few years,
Thy flowering spring—thy summer's ardent strength—
Thy sober autumn fading into age—
And pale concluding winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? those longings after fame?
Those restless cares? Those busy, bustling days?
Those gay-spent festive nights? those veering thoughts,
Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high. ——— p. 189.

Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now
Confounded in the dust, adore that power,
And wisdom oft arraign'd: see now the cause,
Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
And dy'd, neglected: why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul:
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd

In starving solitude: while luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth
And moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of superstition's scourge: why licens'd pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distrest!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more:
The storms of wint'ry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded spring encircle all. p. 190.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE FIRST VOLUME

OF

THE STUDIES OF NATURE,

BY JAMES HENRY BERNARDIN,

GENERALLY KNOWN BY THE TITLE

DE ST. PIERRE.

Several persons have invited me to take up my residence at their country seats, and to enjoy those rural scenes, of which as they are pleased to say, I am so passionately fond. Yes, undoubtedly, I should dearly love a country residence, but a residence which I could call my own, and not another man's. I made the best acknowledgment in my power, to tenders of service so flattering; but could avail myself only of the good will which they breathed. Benevolence is the flower of friendship, and its perfume always lasts while you let it remain on the stem, without gathering it.

Notes, p. 10.

Others have opposed to me, as a complete refutation, the authority of Newton, who did not think as I do. I respect Newton for his genius and his virtues, but I respect truth still much more. The authority of great names serves but too frequently as a strong hold to error. p. 17.

What then could I have done in this crowd of men, vain and intolerant, to each of whom an European education says, from the days of infancy, *be the first;* and among so many doctors titled, and without titles, who have appropriated to themselves the right to freedom of speech, unless it were to shut myself up, as I frequently do, in my freedom of silence? If I speak there, it is of few things, or of things of slight importance.

Fly from the world, then, ye who will neither flatter nor malign; for you will lose in it, at once, the good which you expected from it, and that which is the gift of your own conscience. p. 18.

To God alone glory is to be ascribed, and peace is man's choicest possession, which is never so pure and so profound as in the perception and the feeling of that very glory which governs the universe. My highest ambition is the delight of discovering some new rays of it, and, henceforward, my most ardent wish is to have the remainder of my days illuminated by it, to the exclusion, as far as I am personally concerned, of that vain, fantastical, unsatisfying, inconstant glory, which the world gives and takes away at pleasure. p. 24.

May it be my lot, to reside far remote from fickle and treacherous man, on the border of a wood, and under the roof of a small rustic cot, which I can call my own.

The experience of misery has taught me to succour the miserable.

If I have communicated to my readers some new pleasures, let them reflect, that, after all, they are the perceptions but of a man; that they are a mere nothing compared to that which is; that they are the

shadows only of that eternal truth, collected by one who is himself a shadow, and that a small ray of that sun of intelligence which fills the universe, has been playing in a drop of troubled water. p. 27.

Nearly nine thousand men perished on both sides. The historians of each nation, as usual, exalted the glory of their own fleet up to the skies. One thing is certain, that nine thousand human bodies, mutilated and half burnt, given up to sharks and sea-dogs, presented to the monsters of the deep, the spectacle of a ferocity which has no example, except in the annals of the human race; and that this prodigious number of round tops, sail yards, and masts, floating about, mixed with flags, bearing red crosses and white crosses, must have conveyed some information to the barbarians of all the southern regions of the Atlantic Ocean, in what manner the powers, who pretend to be subjected to the laws of Jesus Christ, settle their quarrels. p. 49.

Now the ground of this quarrel between England and Holland was precisely the African slave trade.

Here I close these nautical disquisitions, in which there are undoubtedly, inaccuracies of style, and manifold imperfections of various kinds; I reckon on the indulgence of the really intelligent, and presume to hope they will have the goodness to rectify my mistakes. p. 53.

The field appeared to me so vast, that I could not believe the possibility of its being entirely pre-occupied.

I was farther prompted to the execution of my great design in the view of rendering an acceptable service to my fellow-creatures. *Studies*, p. 1.

I have employed in my researches, all the powers of reasoning I possess; and though my means may have been slender, I can say, with truth, that I have not permitted a single day to pass, without picking up some agreeable or useful observation.

Nature is of unbounded extent, and I am a human being, limited on every side. Not only her general history, but that of the smallest plant, far transcends my highest powers. p. 2.

In the course of three weeks, no less than thirty-seven species of insects, totally distinct, had visited my strawberry plant. Some alighted on it to deposit their eggs; others, merely to shelter themselves from the sun. But the greatest part paid this visit from reasons totally unknown to me.

However minute these objects may be, they, surely, merited my attention, as nature deemed them not unworthy of hers. Could I refuse them a place in my general history, when she had given them one in the system of the universe? p. 3.

We have preserved, for example, in the Royal Cabinet at Paris, arrows, whose points are impregnated with the juice of a plant so venomous, that, though exposed to the air for many years, they can, with the

slightest puncture, destroy the most robust of animals in a few minutes. The blood of the creature, be the wound ever so trifling, instantly congeals. But if the patient, at the same instant, is made to swallow a small quantity of sugar, the circulation is immediately restored. Both the poison and the antidote have been discovered by the savages which inhabit the banks of the Amazon. p. 11.

When man begins to reason, he ceases to feel. p. 15.

I have an unbounded respect for the memory of these great men, whose very deviations have assisted us in opening great highways through the vast empire of nature; but on more occasions than one, I shall combat their principles, and especially, the general applications which have been made of them, in the full persuasion, that, if I renounce their systems, I promote their intentions. p. 23.

I shall speak, likewise, of the nature of fire, not to explain it, but to evince our profound ignorance of the subject. This element, which renders all things else perceptible, itself eludes our most eager researches. p. 27.

The proportions of the human body no where vary; from the tallest to the shortest of the human race, there is not, at most, the difference of a foot; the black colour, within the tropics, is simply the effect of the heat of the sun, which tinges him in proportion as he approaches the line. And it is, as we shall see, one of the blessings of nature. p. 43.

Man has been, in every age, the friend of man, not merely from the interests of commerce, but by the more sacred, the more indissoluble bands of humanity. p. 45.

Virtue is to man the true law of nature. It is the harmony of all harmonies. Virtue alone can render love sublime, and ambition beneficent. It can derive the purest

gratifications even from privations the most severe. Rob it of love, friendship, honour, the sun, the elements, it feels that, under the administration of a Being just and good, abundant compensation is reserved for it, and it acquires an increase of confidence in God, even from the cruelty and injustice of man. It was virtue that supported, in every situation of life, a Socrates, an Epictetus, a Fenelon; that rendered them, at once, the happiest, and the most respectable of mankind. p. 50.

Our illumination, like our virtue, consists in descending: and our force in becoming sensible of our feebleness. p. 59.

Let us farther suppose, what neither poetry nor painting can pretend to imitate, the odour of the plants, and even the smell of the sea, the rustling of leaves, the humming of insects, the matin-song of the birds, the hollow murmuring noise, intermixed with silence of the billows breaking on the

shore, and the repetitions of all these sounds, &c.

Through a Providence, worthy of the highest admiration, places the most unprolific, present to man, in the greatest abundance, provisions, clothing, lamps, and firing, not of his own production.

How delightful would it be to behold the human race collecting all these various blessings, and communicating them to each other in peace, from climate to climate! not with the dreadful noise of artillery, &c. p. 66.

Our forefathers were aided, no doubt, in their necessitous circumstances, and in their industry, by some celestial intelligence, who commisserated their distress. p. 67.

If it be delightful to acquire knowledge, it is much more delightful still to diffuse it. The noblest reward of science is the pleasure of the ignorant man instructed.

Alas! blessings have been given us in

common, and we communicate to each other only the ills of life. Man is every where complaining of the want of land, and the globe is covered with deserts. Man alone is exposed to famine, while the animal creation, down to insects, are wallowing in plenty. Almost every where he is the slave of his equal, while the feeblest of animals maintain their liberty against the strongest. Nature, who designed him for love, denied him arms, and he has forged them for himself, to combat his fellow. p. 68.

The history of nature exhibits blessings only, that of man, nothing but robbery and madness.

Every where he despises the hand which spins the garment that clothes him, and which cultivates for him the fertile bosom of the earth. Every where he esteems his deceiver, and reveres his oppressor. Always dissatisfied with the present, he alone of beings regrets the past, and trembles at the thought of futurity.

O ye Legislators! boast no longer of

your laws. Either man is born to be miserable; or the earth every where watered with his blood, and with his tears, accuses you all of having misunderstood those of nature. p. 69.

Religion alone appears to me the natural bond of mankind, the hope of our sublime passions, and the complement of our miserable destiny. Happy, if I have been able sometimes to prop, with my feeble support, that sacred edifice, assailed as it is, in these times, on every side! But its foundations rest not on the earth, and to heaven its stately columns rear their heads. However bold some of my speculations may be, they have nothing to do with bad people. But, perhaps, more than one epicurean may discern in them, that man's supreme pleasure is in virtue. Good citizens will perhaps, find in them new means of being useful. At least, I shall have the full recompense of my labour, if so much as one miserable wretch, ready to sink at the melancholy spectacle which the world presents,

shall revive, on beholding in nature, a Father, a Friend, a Rewarder. p. 70.

The rich and the great imagine, that every one is miserable, and out of the world, who does not live as they do; but they are the persons who, living far from nature, live out of the world. They would find thee, O eternal Beauty! always ancient, and always new; O life pure and blissful, of all those who truly live, if they sought thee only within themselves! Wert thou a steril mass of gold, or a victorious prince, who shall not be alive to-morrow, or some attractive and deceitful female, they would perceive thee, and ascribe to thee the power of conferring some pleasure upon them. Thy vain nature would employ their vanity. Thou wouldest be an object proportioned to their timid and grovelling thoughts. But, because thou art too much within themselves, where they never choose to look, and too magnificent externally, diffusing thyself through infinite space, thou remainest to them an unknown God. In loosing themselves, they have lost thee. p. 72.

The order, nay, the beauty, with which thou hast invested all thy creatures, to serve as so many steps by which man may raise himself to thee, are transformed into a veil, which conceals thee from his sickly eyes. Men have no sight but for vain shadows. The light dazzles them. Mere nothings are to them every thing; and all perfection passes with them for nothing. Nevertheless, he who never saw thee, has never seen any thing; he who has no relish for thee, is an utter stranger to true pleasure; he is as if he were not, and his whole life is only a miserable dream.

I myself, misled by the prejudices of a faulty education, pursued a vain felicity, in systems of science, in arms, in the favour of the great, sometimes in frivolous and dangerous pleasures. In all these agitations, I was hunting after calamity, while happiness was within my reach. At a distance from my native land, I sighed for joys which it contained not for me; and, nevertheless, thou wert bestowing on me blessings innumerable, scattered by thy bountiful hand

over the whole earth, which is the country of mankind.

I was anxious to think that I had no powerful protector, that I belonged to no corps; and by thee I have been protected amidst a thousand dangers, in which they could have afforded me no assistance. It grieved me to think of living solitary, unnoticed, unregarded; and thou hast vouchsafed to teach me, that solitude is far preferable to the bustle of a court, and liberty to grandeur. I never ceased to be happy, but when I ceased to trust in thee. Opposed to thee, all power is weakness; supported by thee, weakness becomes irresistible strength. p. 74.

The corruption of the heart is the original source of our errors.

My ignorance of the means employed by nature, in the government of the world, is greater than I am able to express. p. 92.

Not only, no hair falls from our head, and no sparrow to the ground, but not a pebble

rolls on the shore of the ocean, without the permission of God. p. 106.

He remarked that the surface of the water was there very smooth, which puzzled him exceedingly, by damping his hope of a communication between this bay and the South sea. He remained, nevertheless, convinced of such a passage; such is the pertinacity of man in favour of preconceived opinions, in the very face of evidence. p. 111.

These poor people made presents of fat geese to the Dutch mariners, with strong demonstrations of friendship; for calamity has, in all climates, a powerful tendency to conciliate affection between man and man. p. 112.

The will of God is the ultimatum of all human knowledge.

God governs the world by variable powers, and deduces from these, harmonies which are invariable. In this harmonious course, the sun dispenses cold and heat, dryness and humidity, and derives from

these powers, each of them destructive by itself, latitudes so varied, and so temperate, all over the globe, that an infinite number of creatures, of an extreme delicacy, find in them every degree of temperature adapted to the nature of their frail existence.

p. 130.

'If during a period of three thousand years, and more, the cold had gone on increasing from year to year, in all these climates, their winters must now have been as long and as severe as in Greenland. But Lebanon, and the lofty provinces of Asia, have preserved the same temperature. The little isle of Ithaca is still covered in winter with the hoar frost; and it produces, as in the days of Telèmacus, the laurel and the olive.

p. 175.

'I have not had the felicity, like the primitive navigators, who discovered uninhabited islands, to contemplate the face of the ground as it came from the hand of the Creator. p. 178.

'I have seen only countries frequented by

Europeans, and desolated by war, or by slavery. p. 179.

It would be no easy matter to describe the hospitable reception which we found in the solitary mansions of these northern regions. Their masters exerted themselves in every possible way, to detain us among them for many days together. They sent to the distance of ten or fifteen leagues, invitations to their friends and relations, to come and assist them to entertain us. In the cities, the principal inhabitants regaled us by turns. Amidst this hospitable conviviality, we made the tour of the cities of Finland, Wibury, Fredericksham, &c.

p. 185.

Plants are not scattered about at random over the earth; it is impossible, in any one respect, to consider them as mere mechanical productions of heat and cold, of dryness and humidity. Our scientific systems have brought us back precisely to the opinions which precipitated barbarous nations into idolatry, as if it were necessary that the

perfection of our illumination should be the recommencement and return of our darkness; conformably to the well grounded censure of the Author of the book of wisdom: "They could not out of the good things that are seen, know Him that is; neither by considering the works, did they acknowledge the work Master; but deemed either fire, or wind, or swift air, or the circle of the stars, or the violent water, or the lights of heaven to be the gods which govern the world."—All these physical causes united, could not have determined the port of one single moss. p. 186.

The pyramids of Egypt are crumbled into powder; but the grasses which clothed the soil, while the Pharaohs filled the throne, subsist to this day. p. 188.

The Danes, the Norwegians, the Swedes, the Hamburgers, the English, the Irish, and some traders of the ports of France, particularly of Dieppe, fitted out vessels for the herring fishery, but in too small a number

for a fall of manna, so plentiful and so easily gathered. In 1782, at the mouth of Gothela, a small river which washes the walls of Gottenburg, 139,000 barrels were cured by salt, 3,700 were smoaked, and 2,845 casks of oil were extracted from what could not be preserved. The Gazette of France, which contains an account of this fishery, remarks, that previous to 1752, these fishes had entirely disappeared for 72 years together. I acscribe their desertion of this coast to some naval engagement, which had chased them away by the noise of the artillery, as is the case with the turtle of the island Ascension, which forsake the road for weeks together, when vessels passing that way discharge their great guns. p. 201.

Why should beasts of prey exist? Supposing me incapable of resolving this difficulty, nature must not be accused of cruelty because I am deficient in mental ability. She has arranged what we do know, with such consummate wisdom, that we are

bound to give her credit for the same character of wisdom, in cases where we cannot find her out unto perfection. p. 207.

O how steril is the imagination of man, compared to the intelligence of nature! he has produced no one thing, in any line whatever, of which he has not borrowed the model from her works. p. 217.

In every country that which is best is always most common. p. 223.

The quails which annually take their departure from Europe, on their way to Africa, have such a perfect knowledge of the Autumnal equinox, that the day of their arrival in Malta, where they rest for twenty-four hours, is marked on the Almanacs of the Island, about the 22d of September, and varies every year as the equinox. The swan and wild duck have an accurate knowledge of the latitude where they ought to stop, when every year they reascend in spring, to the extremities of the north, and

can find out, without the help of compass or octant, the spot where the year before they made their nests. The frigat, which flies from east to west, between the tropics, over vast oceans, interrupted by no land, and which regains at night, at the distance of many hundred leagues, the rock hardly emerging out of the water, which he left in the morning, possesses means of ascertaining his longitude, hitherto unknown to our most ingenious astronomers. p. 232.

I beg leave to ask, In what instance was an inclination to vice or virtue known to be communicated with the blood? Pompey, so noted for his generosity, was the son of Strabo, infamously notorious to the Roman people for his avarice.—What a difference is frequently observable in the same man, between his youth and his mature age; between Nero, saluted as the father of his country, when he mounted the throne; and Nero, execrated as its avowed enemy before his death. Between Titus, stigmatized with the name of a second Nero,

in his youth, and Titus at his death; embalmed with the tears of the Senate, of the Roman people, and of strangers; and transmitted unanimously to posterity as the delight of mankind? It is not climate then, which regulates the morality of man; it is opinion, it is education; and such is their power, that they triumph not only over latitudes, but even over temperament. Cesar, so ambitious, so dissolute; and Cato, so temperate and vituous, were both of a sickly constitution. Place, climate, nation, family, temperament, no one of these, and in no part of the world, determine men to vice or virtue. They are every where free to choose. p. 240.

On looking into those prodigious magazines, where monopolizers hoard up the provision and clothing of a whole province, are we not bound to bless the Hand that created the insect which obliges them to bring these necessary commodities to market? Were grain as incorruptible as gold and silver, it would soon become as scarce.

See under how many locks and doors these metals are secured.—The mite and the moth first lay the miser under the necessity of employing a good many hands in stirring about and sifting his grain, till they force him at last to dispose of it altogether. What is most wonderful, is that the articles which minister to luxury, are not liable to perish by insects, as those which are subservient to the most pressing wants of human life. It is possible to preserve, without any diminution of value, coffee, silk, and cottons, even for ages; but in India, where these commodities are real necessaries of life, there are insects which quickly corrode them, particularly cotton. p. 246.

I have already pointed out the utility, the absolute necessity of the volcanoes, whose fires purify the waters of the sea, as those of the thunder purify the air. Earthquakes proceed from the same cause.—The inhabitants of Lisbon know well that their city has been several times shattered by shocks of this kind, and that it is imprudent to build

in stone. To persons who can submit to live in a house of wood, they have nothing formidable. p. 248.

The most unwholsome regions of the earth, as far as I am at present able to recollect, are in Asia, on the banks of the Ganges, from which proceed every year, putrid fevers, that in 1771, cost Bengal the life of more than a million of men. They have for their focus the rice plantations which are artificial morasses, formed along the Ganges for the culture of that grain. p. 249.

I do not believe there would have been a single unwholesome spot on the earth, if men had not put their hands to it. p. 250.

Thus the miseries which oppress mankind, pass from huts to palaces, from the line to the poles, from ages past to ages yet to come; and their long and lingering effects are a fearful voice crying in the ears of the potentates of the earth, "Learn to be just, and not to oppress the miserable." p. 253.

When human policy locks the chain round the ankle of a slave, divine justice rivets the other end round the neck of the tyrant. p. 256.

Alliances with plebian families were not disdained even by Emperors. Augustus gave his only daughter, Julia, in marriage to the plebian Agrippa. p. 257.

Politicians may ascribe the different characters of negroes and Europeans to whatever causes they please, for my own part, I say it on the most perfect conviction, that I know no book, which contains monuments more authentic of the History of Nations, and of that of nature, than the book of Genesis. p. 265.

The negroes escape a considerable proportion of their miseries, by the thoughtlessness of their temper, and the levity of their imagination. They dance in the midst of famine, as of abundance, in chains, as when at liberty. If a chicken's foot in-

spires them with terror, a small slip of white paper restores their courage. p.266.

In the study of religion, we shall find that there is nothing that can pretend to that name, on the face of the earth, so perfectly adapted to the wants of human nature, as the religion of the Bible. p. 272.

The law of Moses, from its privations, was evidently intended to be the law of a particular people, whereas that of the Gospel, from its universality, must have been intended for the whole human race. p. 275.

The religion of the Indians promises pleasure in this world; that of the Jews, riches; that of the Turks, conquest; ours enjoins the practice of virtue, and promises the reward of it in heaven. p. 277.

Christianity has not limited love in the heart of man, to wife and children, but extends it to all mankind. p. 277.

I have often been astonished, that there is no law in France, to prevent the unbounded accumulation of landed property. The Romans had censors, who limited, in the first instance, the extent of a man's possession to seven acres, as being sufficient for the subsistence of one family. p. 285.

The district of Caux is the most fertile country which I know in the world. Agriculture on the great scale, is there carried on to the height of perfection.—But as the laws have assigned, in that province, in every family two thirds of the landed property, to the first born, you find there unbounded affluence on the one hand, and extreme indigence on the other. I happened one day to be walking through this fine country; it was early in the morning, and blew extremely cold from the northeast; I met with two little girls in red jackets and wooden shoes: the tallest, who might be about 6 or 7 years old, was crying bitterly. "Child," said I to her, "what makes you cry? Whither are you going, at so early

an hour? She replied, "my poor mother is very ill. There is not a mess of broth to be had in all our parish. We are going to that church in the bottom, to try if the *Curè* can find us some.' I am crying because my little sister is not able to walk any farther." As she spake, she wiped her eyes with a bit of old canvass, which served as a part of her clothing. The abject misery of these children, so poor in the midst of plains so fruitful, wrung my heart. The relief which I could administer to them was small indeed. I myself was then on my way to see misery in other forms. p. 290.

Why do we force the African tribes to cultivate our lands in America, while our own peasantry is starving for want of employment at home? p. 293.

When I imagined I had some influence with men in power, I endeavoured to exert it in projects of this nature; but I have never had the felicity of falling in with a single one, who took a warm interest in

the happiness of mankind.....The clouds of calamity have spread a gloom over my own life; and the possibility of enjoying happiness, even in a dream, is no longer my portion. p. 294.

Early habits have an influence even on animals, to such a degree, as to extinguish their natural instinct. Lycurgus exhibited a striking example of this to the Lacedemonians, in the case of two hounds taken from the same litter, in one of which education had completely triumphed over nature. But I could produce still stronger instances in the human species, in which early habit is found triumphant. History furnishes innumerable examples to this purpose. p. 300.

Ambition never rises except at the expense of another. Give it whatever specious name you please, it is ever the enemy of all virtue. It is the source of vices the most dangerous and detestable; of jealousy, of hatred, of intolerance, and cruelty; for

every one is disposed to gratify it in his own way. It is forbidden to all men by nature and religion, and to the greatest part of subjects by government. In our colleges, a lad is brought up to empire, who must be doomed for life to sell pepper. The young people, the hope of a great nation, are there employed for at least seven years, in learning to be the first in the art of declamation, of versification, of prattling. For one who succeeds in these trivial pursuits, how many thousands lose at once their health and their Latin! p. 306.

Admitting that talents are formed in colleges, they would not for that be less prejudicial to the nation; for it is of inconceivably more importance that a country should possess virtue rather than talents, and men happy, rather than men renowned. While depravity is thus taking possession of the hearts of children, some branches of education go directly to the perversion of their reason. The gospel recommends to the young man to be the last; his college urges

him by all means to be the first: virtue commands him to descend; education bids him rise. And what renders the contradiction still more glaring to the poor lad, it frequently proceeds, especially in the country, from one and the same mouth: for the same good ecclesiastic, in many places, teaches the classics in the morning, and the catechism at night. p. 307.

The case is much worse when subjects of terror are employed. When their tender organs are shocked by certain monstrous images, so common in our churches. I knew a young man, who, in his infancy, was so terrified with the dragon of St. Marguerite, with which his preceptor had threatened him in the village church, that he actually fell sick of horror, believing that he saw the monster constantly at his pillow, ready to devour him. His father, in order to quiet his disturbed imagination, was under the necessity of appearing sword in hand to attack the dragon, and of pretending that he had killed him. Thus, as our

method is, one error was driven out by another. When grown up, the first use he made of his reason, was to reflect, that the persons intrusted with the formation of that faculty had imposed upon him twice. p. 308.

If you happen to pass when the lesson is delivering, you hear nothing but the cries of poor children undergoing chastisement, and the storming of masters intoxicated with rage.....I have seen at college, many a pretty creature ready to fall into a swoon with pain, receive on their little hands, up to a dozen of sharp strokes. I have seen, by the infliction of this punishment, the skin separated from the tip of their fingers, and the bare flesh exposed. It is impossible to enter into any detail on this subject, without putting modesty to the blush; and yet they are employed by priests. They rest on a passage from Solomon's writings, of this import, "He that spareth the rod hateth the child," but who knows whether the Jews themselves practised corporal punishment after our fashion? The Turks,

who have retained a great part of their usages, hold this in detestation. *We* are the disciples of Him, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me; forbid them not;" who blessed them, and said, that in order to enter into the kingdom of heaven, we must become like them.

Our children subverted by the vices of a faulty education, become false reasoners, knavish, hypocritical, envious, ugly, and wicked. They are put to school to learn the art of disputation. Truth they gravely tell us, is struck out of the collision of opinions. There may be something like wit in the expression. But for my own part, I should find myself incapable of distinguishing truth, if I met with her in the heat of a dispute. I should suspect that I was dazzled either by my own passion, or that of another man. Out of disputations, have arisen sophisms, heresies, paradoxes, errors of every kind. Truth never shews her face before tyrants; and every man who disputes would be a tyrant if he could.

Man is born good. It is society that renders him wicked; and our mode of education prepares the way for it. But, let us say what we will, the colleges will be always full. All I pretend to plead for, is, that children should be delivered at least from that tedious apprenticeship to misery, by which they are depraved, and which has afterwards so much influence on their characters. p. 311.

If we trace among ourselves the history of a villain's life, we shall find that his infancy was always very miserable. Wherever I have found children unhappy, I always observed they were wicked and ugly, and wherever I saw them happy, there likewise they were beautiful and good. In Holland and Flanders, where they are brought up with the greatest gentleness, their beauty is singularly remarkable..... They are not gay, but they are contented. You observe on their countenance an air of tranquillity and satisfaction which is perfectly enchanting, and infinitely more inter-

esting than the boisterous mirth of our young people when they are no longer under the eye of their fathers or preceptors. This calmness is diffused over all their actions, and is the source of a happy composure, which characterizes their whole future life. I never saw any country where parental tenderness was so strikingly expressed. The children, in their turn, repay them in their old age, the indulgence with which they were treated in helpless infancy. With us, on the contrary, fathers like better to see their children sprightly than good, because in a constitution of ambitious society, spirit raises a man to the head of a party, but goodness makes dupes. p. 316.

I have witnessed instances of sensibility still more affecting, in the children of the common people, because they were not produced by any theatrical effect. As I was taking my walk, some years ago, through the Pré Gervais, about the setting in of winter, I observed a poor woman, lying along the ground, employed in weeding a

bed of sorrel; close by her was a little girl, of six years old at most, standing motionless and quite impurpled with the cold. I addressed myself to the woman, who betrayed evident symptoms of indisposition, and inquired into the nature of her malady. "Sir," said she to me, "for three months past, I have suffered very severely from the rheumatism; but my disease gives me much less pain than that poor child: she will not quit me a single moment. If I say to her, see, you are quite benumbed with cold, go within doors and warm yourself, she replies: alas! mother, if I leave you, your complaint will be your only companion."

Another time, being at Marly, and caught in a sudden shower, I went into a pavillion in that magnificent park, where I found three children who interested me much more than the charming group of children in marble without doors. They were two little girls uncommonly handsome, employed with singular activity in picking up round the arbour, the scattered sticks of

dry wood, which they deposited in a basket, while a little boy, all in tatters, and extremely lean, was devouring a morsel of bread in a corner. I asked the tallest, who might be about eight or nine years old, what she intended to do with that wood which she was so busily collecting. She replied, "that poor boy there is very miserable! He has a step-mother, who sends him out all day long to pick up wood: if he carries none home, he is beaten severely; when he happens to have got a little, and is carrying it off, the Swiss at the park-gate takes it from him, and applies it to his own use. He is half dead with hunger, and we have given him our breakfast." Having thus spoken, she and her companion filled the little basket; helped him up with it on his back, and ran away before their unhappy friend to the gate of the park, to see if he could pass unmolested. p. 319.

Whatever is on the earth most useful, most beautiful, and the best, in every kind of thing, is within the reach of every man. Ob-

scurity is much better than glory, and virtue than talents. The sun, a little field, a wife, and children, are sufficient to supply a constant succession of pleasures to him. Must he have luxuries too? A flower presents him colours more lovely than the pearl dragged from the abysses of the ocean; and a burning coal on his hearth has a brighter lustre, and beyond all dispute, is infinitely more useful than the famous gem which glitters on the head of the grand Mogul.

After all, what did God owe to every man? Water from the fountain, a little fruit, wool to clothe him, as much land as he is able to cultivate with his own hands. So much for the wants of his body. As to those of the soul, it is sufficient for him to possess in infancy, the love of his parents; in maturity, that of his wife; in old age, the gratitude of his children; at all seasons, the good will of his neighbours, the number of whom is restricted to four or five, according to the extent and form of his domain; so much knowledge of the globe as he can acquire by rambling half a day, so as to get home

to his own bed at night, or at most, to the extremity of his domestic horizon; such a sense of Providence as nature bestows on all men, and which will spring up in his heart fully as well, after he has made the circuit of his field, as after returning from a voyage round the world. p . 344.

With corporeal enjoyments, and mental gratifications like these, man ought to be content; whatever he desires beyond these, is above his wants, and inconsistent with the distributions of nature. It is impossible for him to acquire superfluity but by the sacrifice of some necessary; public consideration he must purchase at the price of domestic happiness; and a name in the world of science, by renouncing his repose Besides, those honours, those attendants, those riches, that submission which men so eagerly hunt after, are desired unjustly. A man cannot obtain them but by plundering and enslaving his fellow-citizens. The acquisition of them exposes to incredible labour and anxiety, the possession is disturbed by

incessant care, and privation tears the heart with regret. By pretended blessings such as these, health, reason, conscience, all is depraved and lost.

Virtuous persons, in truth, are sometimes destitute not only of the blessings of society, but of those of nature. To this I answer, that their calamities frequently are productive of unspeakable benefit to them. When persecuted by the world, they are frequently, they are usually incited to engage in some illustrious career. Affliction is the path of great talents, or at least, that of great virtues, which are infinitely preferable. "It is not in your power," said Marcus Aurelius, "to be a naturalist, a poet, an orator, a mathematician; but it is in your power to be a virtuous man, which is the best of all." p. 344.

An entire resignation to the will of God ought, in every situation, to soothe the soul to peace. p. 345.

Adversity is the means which God em-

ploys to force us to take refuge in himself alone. But for this voice, which addresses itself to every one of us, we should soon forget Him, especially in the tumult of great cities, where so many fleeting interests clash with those that are eternal, and where so many second causes swallow up all attention to the first. p. 347.

Were we assured by some sensible demonration, that a world to come was prepared for us, I have the fullest conviction that all the pursuits of this world, would, from that instant, be abandoned. This perspective of divine felicity, here below, would throw us into a lethargic rapture. I recollect that on my return to France, in a vessel which had been on a voyage to India, as soon as the sailors had perfectly distinguished the land of their native country, they became in a great measure, incapable of attending to the business of the ship. Some looked at it wistfully, without the power of minding any other object; others dressed themselves in their best clothes, as if they had

been going that moment to disembark; some talked to themselves, and others wept. As we approached, the disorder of their minds increased. As they had been absent several years, there was no end to their admiration of the verdure of the hills, of the foliage of the trees, and even of the rocks which skirted the shore, covered over with sea weeds and mosses; as if all these objects had been perfectly new to them. The church spires of the villages where they were born, which they distinguished at a distance up the country, and which they named one after another, filled them with transports of delight. But when the vessel entered the port, and when they saw on the quays, their friends, their fathers, their mothers, their wives, and their children, stretching out their arms to them, with tears of joy, and calling them by their names, it was no longer possible to retain a single man on board; they all sprung ashore, and it became necessary, according to the custom of the port, to employ another set of mariners to bring the vessel to her moorings.

What then would be the case, were we indulged with a sensible discovery of that heavenly country, inhabited by those who are most dear to us, and who alone are most worthy of our sublime affections? All the laborious and vain solicitudes of a present life, would come to an end. The passage from the one world to the other, being in every man's power, the gulf would be quickly shot: but nature has involved it in obscurity, and has planted doubt and apprehension to guard the passage. p. 349.

Pithagoras has been calumniated, as having given encouragement to certain unmeaning superstitions; among others, abstinence from the use of beans, &c. But, as truth is frequently under the necessity of presenting herself to men under a veil, the great philosopher, under this allegory, conveyed to his disciples an advice to abstain from public employments, because it was then the custom to make use of beans, in voting at the election of magistrates. p. 394.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE SECOND VOLUME

OF

THE STUDIES OF NATURE,

BY JAMES HENRY BERNARDIN,

GENERALLY KNOWN BY THE TITLE

DE ST. PIERRE.

CERTAIN negro nations represent the devil as white: this may be easily accounted for, from the strong feeling which they have of the tyranny which the whites exercise over them. *Vol.* ii. p. 34.

It is the property of inanimate matter, of vegetables, and of mere animals, to obey all the movements of nature; but it is that of a great man, in my opinion, to have his emotions under command, and it is only so far as he exercises this empire, that he merits the name of great. p. 47.

The plaintive notes of the nightingale, the deep shades of the forest, the sober lustre of the moon, inspire no gaiety, nevertheless, they interest us, and that deeply. I feel much more emotion in contemplating the setting than the rising sun. In general, we are pleased by gay and sprightly beauties, but we are melted and touched only by those which are melancholy. I shall endeavour, in another place, to unfold the causes of these moral affections. They stand in connexion with laws more sublime than any physical laws: while these last amuse our senses, the other speak to the heart, and calmly admonish us, that man is ordained to a much higher destination.

p. 50.

This soldier was of Franche Comte. I never saw him but once, and I have forgotten his name, but I have not lost the recollection of his virtuous conduct, which was reported to me on undoubted authority. When the accident above related (the loss of his left eye and the use of his right leg and arm) sent him to the hospital of the

invalids, he remembered, that in his capacity of sergeant, he had inveigled at the instigation of his captain, in a country village, a young man to enlist, who was the only son of a poor widow, and who was killed three months afterwards in an engagement. The sergeant recollecting this act of cruelty and injustice, formed the resolution of abstaining from wine. He sold his allowance as a pensioner in the hospital, and remitted the amount every six months to the mother whom he had robbed of her son. p. 59.

The most atrocious of all vices is cruelty. p. 60.

Two sisters on the death of their mother, became heiresses of an orange tree. Each of them insisted on having it thrown into her allotment. At length, after much wrangling, and neither being disposed to resign her claim, it was settled that the tree should be cleft in two, and each take her half. The orange tree, accordingly, under-

went the judgment pronounced by Solomon on the child. It was cleft asunder; each of the sisters replanted her own half, and wonderful to be told! the tree, which had been separated by sisterly animosity, received a new clothing of bark from the benignant hand of Nature. p. 61.

Many of those marine harmonies have escaped me, for I then considered them as merely the effect of chance. I looked at them, I admired them, but I observed them not: I suspected, however, even then, that the pleasure which their harmonic combination inspired, must be referable to some law with which I was unacquainted. p. 93.

The cat and the dog live peaceably by the same fireside, unless where the tyranny of man has vitiated their dispositions, by a treatment calculated to excite hatreds and jealousies between them. p. 96.

I am frequently at a loss to know what has become of my snuff-box, because it is

black, like the table on which I put it down. If nature had not been possessed of more intelligence than I am, the greatest part of her works would utterly disappear.

Man is incessantly pursuing the illusion which escapes him, and neglects the useful truth which is lying at his foot. p. 98.

The physical beauty of man is so striking, in the eyes even of the animal creation, that to it, principally, must be ascribed the empire which he exercises over them, in every part of the earth. The feeble flee for refuge under his protection, and the most powerful tremble at sight of him. Mathiola relates, that the lark will save herself amidst troops of men, when she perceives the bird of prey hovering over her. The reality of this instinct was confirmed to me by an officer, who was once an eye witness of one, in such circumstances, fleeing for safety among a very distinguished squadron of cavalry, in which he then served; but the trooper whose particular protection she sought, trampled her

to death under his horse's feet; a most barbarous action, which drew on him, and justly, the indignation of every good man in the corps. I myself have seen a stag, when run down by the hounds, appeal with sobs for relief, to the compassion of persons accidentally passing that way.....If we meet less frequently with instances of the effect of animal confidence in man, it is because of the noise of our fowling pieces, scaring them incessantly, and of the continual other persecutions which they are doomed to undergo. It is well known with what familiarity the monkeys, and fowls of all kinds, approach travellers in the forest of India. I have seen at the Cape of Good Hope, in Cape Town itself, the shores of the sea swarming with water fowls, which perched confidently on the shallops, and a large wild pelican playing close by the custom-house, with a great dog, whose head she took into her enormous beak. This spectacle conveyed to me, from the moment of my arrival, a most powerful impression in favour of the happiness of that coun-

try, and of the humanity of its inhabitants: nor did my conjecture deceive me.

But dangerous animals, on the contrary, are seized with terror at the sight of man, unless they be driven from their natural bias by some pressing necessity. An elephant will suffer himself to be led about, in Asia, by a little child. The African lion retires, growling, from the cabin of the Hottentot; surrenders up to him the possessions of his ancestors, and seeks for himself a kingdom far remote, in forests, and among rocks, untrodden by the foot of man. The immense whale amidst his native element, trembles, and flees away before the puny bark of the Laplander. And thus, to this day, is executed that all-potent law, which secured empire to man, though sunk into guilt and wretchedness: "And the fear of you, and the dread of you, shall be upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air; upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea; into your hand are they delivered." p. 110.

But, wherefore are there so few happy marriages among us? I answer, because with us the sexes have divested themselves each of its proper nature, and assumed the other. It is because the women, with us, adopt the manners of men, from education; and men the manners of women, from habit. The women have been despoiled of the graces, and of the talents, peculiar to their sex, by the masters, the sciences, the customs, the occupations of men. There is no way left, save one, but that is infallible, to bring both back to nature; it is to inspire them with a taste for religion. By religion, I do not mean attachment to ceremonies, nor systems of theology; but the religion of the heart, pure, simple, unostentatious; such as it is so beautifully depicted in the gospel. p. 116.

In cases innumerable, the most unrelenting slavery is imposed, together with an accumulation of honours; and in the meanest of human conditions, we frequently find the possession of the most unbounded empire.

Nay, I will venture so far as to affirm, that the harsher the traits may be in homely persons, who have suffered degradation from a faulty education, the more sublime and impressive will be the contrasts produced in them by those which they acquire from habits of virtue; for when we find goodness under an unpromising exterior, we are as agreeably surprised as at finding violets and primroses under a shrubbery of briars and thorns. Such was the sensation inspired, on a first introduction to the crabbed looking de Turenne; such too, was the beauty of Socrates, who with the features of a profligate, delighted every eye while he discoursed of virtue. I have no doubt, that the repelling outside of these two great men, may have largely contributed to give a peculiar prominency to the excellence of their heart.

Moral beauty, then, is that after which we are bound to aspire, that its divine irradiations may be diffused over our features, and over our actions. To no purpose will a prince himself make his boast of high

birth, riches, credit, or wit; the people, in order to know him, must look him in the face. The people form their judgment of him entirely from the physiognomy; it is, in every country, the first, and frequently, the last letter of recommendation. p. 121.

Naturalists consider colours as accidents. But if we attend to the general uses for which nature employs them, we shall be persuaded that there is not, even on rocks, a single shade impressed without a meaning and a purpose. p. 150.

Reader, be not astonished at either the number, or extent of plants. Let this great truth be deeply impressed on thy heart: God has made nothing in vain! p. 172.

There is not a particle of vapour in the universe that goes to waste. p. 213.

Nature universally redoubles her skill and exertions in favour of the little and the weak. p. 220.

Men, in every country, prize those things only, which are rare and mysterious.

p. 223.

Vegetables, which are the most contemptible in the eyes of man, are frequently the most necessary in the order of creation.

Thus, the thorny plants are the original cradles of the forests; and the scourge of the agriculture of man, is the bulwark of that of nature. p. 236.

I shall pursue this reflection no further; but it evidently demonstrates the newness of the world. Were it eternal, and exempted from the care of a Providence, its vegetables would long since have undergone all the possible combinations of the chance which re-sows them. We should find their different species in every situation where it was possible for them to grow. From this observation I deduce another consequence, namely this, that the Author of nature evidently intended to link mankind together, by a reciprocal communication of benefits, the chain of which is, as yet, very far from

being completed. Where is, for example, the benefactor of humanity, who shall transport to the Ostiacs and the *Samoïedés* of Waigat's Strait, Winter's tree from the Straits of Magellan, the bark of which unites the savour of cloves, of pepper, and of cinnamon? And, who is the man that shall convey to Magellan's Strait the pease tree of Siberia, to feed the starving Patagonian?

p. 241.

I do not recollect that I ever saw the ivy on the trunks of pines, of firs, or of other trees whose foliage lasts all the year round. It invests those only, which are stripped by the hand of Winter. Symbol of a generous friendship, it attaches itself only to the wretched. p. 255.

Thus Providence is so much the more powerful, as the creature is more feeble.

Other plants have relations to animals the more tenderly affecting, in proportion as climates and seasons seem to exercise over the animal the greater degree of severity. p. 267.

When the grayish fruit of the genipa of the Antilles comes to maturity, and falls from the tree, it bounces on the ground with a noise like the report of a pistol. Upon this signal, more than one guest, no doubt, resorts thither in request of a repast. This fruit seems particularly destined to the use of the land crabs, which are eagerly fond of it, and very soon grow fat on this kind of food. It would have answered no purpose to them to see it on the tree, which they are incapable of climbing; but they are informed of the moment when it is proper for food, by the noise of its fall.

So widely extended are these relations, that it may be confidently affirmed, that there is not a down upon a plant, not an intertexture of a shrub, not a cavity, not a colour of a leaf, not a prickle, but what has its utility. p. 270.

But whatever enchantment may be diffused by plants and animals over the situations which have been assigned to them by nature, I never can consider a landscape as

possessing all its beauty, unless I perceive in it, at least, one little hut. The habitation of man confers, on every species of vegetable, a new degree of interest or of majesty. I love to see the family of an Arab under the date tree of the desert---the hovel of a poor unindustrious Negro gives me pleasure, under the shade of a great gourd plant, which exhibits his complete set of household furniture. To the most ostentatious exhibition of splendour, I have frequently preferred the view of a little hamlet of fishermen, built by the side of a river. With inexpressible delight have I sometimes reposed, under the shade of the willows, and of the poplars, on which were suspended the bow nets, composed of their own branches. p. 286.

Thevenot assures us, that in the Indies, grooms defend their horses from the flies, by rubbing them every morning with the flowers of the pumpion. p. 303.

I am of opinion, that nature has placed

in islands the species of plants which are most beautiful, and best adapted to the necessities of man. An island is a little world in epitome. Finally, experience demonstrates, that there is not a single fruit-tree in Europe, but what becomes more beautiful in some of the islands along its coasts, than on the continent. p. 314.

These observations might be extended even to the very birds and quadrupeds, which are more beautiful, and of species more varied, in islands, than any where else. The elephants held in the highest estimation in Asia, are those of the island of Ceylon. The Indians believe them to be possessed of something divine; nay, more, they allege, that other elephants acknowledge this superiority. One thing is certain, they fetch a higher price all over Asia than any others. p. 316.

All these animals, after having occupied through the day the various sites of vegetation, return in the evening to the habitation

of man, with bleatings, with murmurings, with cries of joy, bringing back to him the delicious produce of the vegetable creation, transformed, by a process altogether inconceivable, into honey, into milk, into butter, into eggs, and into cream. p. 320.

What smiling valleys opened to their view, along the river's side, and invited them to deviate from the road, by promising them objects still more lovely! What hills enamelled with unknown flowers, and crowned with ancient and venerable trees, endeavoured to persuade them to proceed no farther! p. 322.

Happy is he, in these days, who, instead of rambling over the world, can live remote from mankind! Happy the man who knows nothing beyond the circumference of his own horizon, and to whom even the next village is an unknown land! He has not placed his affections on objects which he must never more behold, nor left his reputation at the mercy of the wicked. He be-

lieves that innocence resides in hamlets, honour in palaces, and virtue in temples. His glory and his religion consist in communicating happiness to those around him. If he beholds not in his garden the fruits of Asia, or the shady groves of America, he cultivates the plants that delight his wife and children. He has no need of the monuments of architecture to dignify and embellish his landscape. A tree, under the shade of which a virtuous man is reclined to rest, suggests to him sublime recollections.

p. 331.

Why do I this day stand in need of novelties to procure me pleasure? The mere animal is, in this respect, happier than we are: what pleased him yesterday will likewise give him pleasure to-morrow: he fixes for himself a boundary, which he never exceeds; what is sufficient for him, always appears to him beautiful and good. The ingenious bee constructs commodious cells, but never dreams of rearing triumphal arches, or obelisks, to decorate her waxen city. A cottage was in like manner suffi-

cient for man, in order to be as well lodged as a bee. What need had he of five orders of architecture, of pyramids, of towers, of kiosques? p. 333.

I stand in need of men, but my soul is troubled at the sight of them, while I reflect on the fatal reasons by which they are united, and that there is no possibility of interesting them, but by flattering their passions, and by becoming vicious as they are.

Religion has greatly the superiority over philosophy, in as much as it supports us, not by our reason, but by our resignation. She would have us, not on foot, and stirring about, but stretched on a bed of languishing: not on the theatre of the world, but reposing at the footstool of the Throne of God; not tormented with solicitude about futurity, but confident and composed. When books, honours, riches* and friends forsake us, she presents us, as a pillow for our head, not the recollection of our frivolous and

* Original, fortune.

theatrical virtues, but that of our insufficiency; and instead of the arrogant maxims of philosophy, she demands of us only calmness, peace, and filial confidence. p. 336.

Descartes lays this down as the basis of the first natural truths, "I think, therefore, I exist." But I substitute in place of the argument of Descartes, that which follows, as it appears to me both more simple and more general, "I feel, therefore, I exist."

There are two powers in man, the one animal, the other divine. The first is incessantly giving him the sentiment of his wretchedness; the second, constantly awakening in him that of his own excellence: and from their conflicts are produced the varieties and contradictions of human life. p. 350.

Dangers external and distant increase internal happiness and security. p. 351.

Do good in this life, which is passing away with the rapidity of a torrent. Do good, not out of ostentation, and by the

hands of a stranger; but for the sake of Heaven, and with your own hand. p. 358.

You always hear topers celebrating, in their songs, Bacchus, Mars, &c. It is further very remarkable, that men do not abandon themselves to blasphemy till they arrive at a state of intoxication; for it is an instinct as usual to the soul, to cleave to the Deity, when it is in its natural state, as to abjure him when it is corrupted by vice.

p. 361.

Tobacco increases, in some measure, the powers of the understanding, by producing a species of intoxication in the nerves of the brain. Lery tells us, that the Brazilians smoke tobacco till it makes them drunk. It is to be observed, that those nations have found out the most cephalic plant of the whole vegetable kingdom, and that the use of it is the most universally diffused of all those which exist on the globe, the vine and the corn plants not excepted. I have seen it cultivated in Finland, beyond Viburg, in about the sixty-first degree of north latitude.

The habit of using it becomes so powerful, that a person who has acquired it, will rather forego bread, for a day, than his tobacco. This plant is nevertheless a real poison; it affects, at length, the olfactory nerves, and sometimes the sight. But man is ever disposed to impair his physical constitution, provided he can strengthen in himself the intellectual sentiment. p. 362.

Distance increases reverence. p. 384.

Savages are fonder of their country than polished nations are; and those who inhabit regions rough and wild, such as mountaineers, than those who live in fertile countries and fine climates. Never could the court of Russia prevail upon a single *Samoïède* to leave the shores of the Frozen Ocean, and settle at Petersburg. Some Greenlanders were brought, in the course of the last century, to the court of Copenhagen, where they were entertained with a profusion of kindness, but soon fretted themselves to death. Several of them were drowned, in

attempting to return to their country in an open boat. They beheld all the magnificence of the court of Denmark, with extreme indifference; but there was one in particular, whom they observed to weep every time he saw a woman with a child in her arms; hence they conjectured that this unhappy man was a father. The gentleness of domestic education, undoubtedly thus powerfully attaches those poor people to the place of their birth. p. 384.

In bad weather, the sentiment of my human misery is tranquillized, by my seeing it rain, while I am under cover; by my hearing the wind blow violently, while I am comfortably in bed. I, in this case, enjoy a negative felicity. In order to the enjoyment of bad weather, our soul must be travelling abroad, and the body at rest.
p. 394.

Though there be no difference between the dust of Nero and that of Socrates, no one would grant a place in his grove to the re-

mains of the Roman emperor, were they deposited even in a silver urn; whereas every one would exhibit those of the philosopher, in the most honourable place of his best apartment, were they contained in only a vase of clay.

The attractions of love arise entirely out of the appearances of virtue. p. 404.

Our artists set statutes of marble a weeping round the tombs of the great. It is very proper to make statues weep, where men shed no tears; I have been many a time present at the funeral obsequies of the rich, but rarely have I seen any one shedding a tear on such occasions, unless it were, now and then an aged domestic, who was, perhaps left destitute.

Sometime ago, happening to pass through a little frequented street of the Fauxbourg Marceau, I perceived a coffin at the door of a house of but mean appearance. Close by the coffin was a woman on her knees, in earnest prayer to God, and who had all the appearance of being absorbed in grief

This poor woman having caught with her eye, at the farther end of the street, the priests and their attendants coming to carry off the body, got upon her feet, and run off, putting her hands upon her eyes, and crying bitterly. The neighbours endeavoured to stop her, and to administer some consolation; but all to no purpose. As she passed close by me, I took the liberty to ask if it was the loss of a mother or of a daughter that she lamented so piteously. "Alas! sir," said she to me, the tears gushing down her cheeks, "I am mourning the loss of a good lady, who procured me the means of earning my poor livelihood; she kept me employed from day to day." I informed myself in the neighbourhood respecting the condition of this beneficent lady; she was the wife of a petty joiner. Ye people of wealth, what use then do you make of riches, during your life time, seeing no tears are shed over your grave! p. 405.

No feeling can be more agreeable than to find a friend in a man whom we consider-

ed as an enemy; and no mortification so poignant as meeting an enemy in the man whom we depended upon as a friend. These harmonic effects frequently render a slight and transient kindness more estimable than a continued series of good offices; and a momentary offence more outrageous than the declared enmity of a whole life time; because, in the first case, feelings diametrically opposite graciously unite; and in the second, congenial feelings violently clash. Hence too it is, that a single blemish, amidst the valuable qualities of a man of worth, frequently appears more offensive than all the vices of a libertine, who displays only a solitary virtue, because from the effect of contrast, these two qualities become more prominent, and eclipse the others in the two opposite characters. It proceeds, likewise, from the weakness of the human mind, which attaching itself always to a single point of the object it contemplates, fixes on the most prominent quality, in framing its decisions. It is impossible to enumerate the errors

into which we are every day falling, for the want of studying these elementary principles of nature. p. 422.

There are particular laws which demonstrate the immediate action of Providence on the human race, and which are opposite to the general laws of physics. For example, the principles of reason, of passion, and of sentiment, as well as the organs of speech and of hearing, are the same in men of all countries; nevertheless, the language of nations differs all the world over. How comes it that the art of speech is so various among beings who all have the same wants, and that it should be constantly changing in the transmission from father to son, to such a degree, that we modern French no longer understand the language of the Gauls, and that the day is coming when our posterity will be unable to comprehend ours? The ox of Bengal bellows like that of the Ukraine, and the nightingale pours out the same melodious strains to this day, in our climates, as those which charmed

the ear of the bard of Mantua, by the banks of the Po. p. 428.

It is the moral goodness of a period which characterises a language, and which transmits it unaltered to the generation following. This is the reason that the languages, the customs, and even the form of dresses are in Asia, transmitted inviolably from generation to generation, because fathers, all over that continent, make themselves beloved by their children. But these reasons do not explain the diversity of language which subsists between one nation and another. It must ever appear to me altogether supernatural, that men who enjoy the same elements, and are subjected to the same wants, should not employ the same words in expressing them. There is but one sun to illuminate the whole earth, and he bears a different name in every different land. p. 430.

J. J. Rousseau was in the right, when he said, that man was good, but that men were wicked. p. 433.

It is impossible for virtue to subsist independently of religion. I do not mean the theatrical virtues which attract public admiration, and that, many a time, by means so contemptible, that they may be rather considered as so many vices. The very Pagans have turned them into ridicule. See what Marcus Aurelius has said on the subject. By virtue, I understand the good which we do to men, without expectation of reward on their part, and, frequently, at the expense of fortune, nay, even of reputation. Analyze all those whose traits have appeared to you the most striking; there is no one of them but what points out Deity nearer or more remote. I shall quote one not generally known, and singularly interesting from its very obscurity.

In the last war in Germany, a captain of cavalry was ordered out on a foraging party. He put himself at the head of his troop, and marched to the quarter assigned him. It was a solitary valley, in which hardly any thing but woods could be seen. In the midst of it stood a little cottage; on per-

ceiving it, he went up, and knocked at the door; out comes an ancient Hernouten, with a beard silvered by age. "Father," says the officer, "shew me a field where I can set my troopers a foraging." "Presently," replied the Hernouten. The good old man walked before, and conducted them out of the valley. After a quarter of an hour's march, they found a fine field of barley: "There is the very thing we want," says the captain. "Have patience for a few minutes," replies his guide, "you shall be satisfied." They went on, and at the distance of about a quarter of a league farther, they arrived at another field of barley. The troop immediately dismounted, cut down the grain, trussed it up, and remounted. The officer, upon this, says to his conductor, "Father, you have given yourself and us unnecessary trouble; the first field was much better than this." "Very true," replied the good old man, "but it was not mine." This stroke goes directly to the heart. I defy an atheist to produce me any thing once to be compared with it. It may

be proper to observe, that the Hernoutens are a species of Quakers, scattered over some cantons of Germany. Certain theologians have maintained, that heretics were incapable of virtue, and that their good actions were utterly destitute of merit; as I am no theologian, I shall not engage in this metaphysical discussion, though I might oppose to their opinion, the sentiments of Peter, with respect to Pagans, when he says to Cornelius the centurion: "Of a truth, I perceive that God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation, he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him." But I should be glad to know what those theologians think of the charity of the good Samaritan, who was a schismatic. Surely they will not venture to start objections against a decision pronounced by Christ himself. As the simplicity and depth of his divine responses, form an admirable contrast with the dishonesty and subtilty of modern doctors, I shall transcribe the whole passage from the gospel word for word. I shall be carefully on my

guard against adding any reflections of my own on this subject, except this simple observation, that the action of the Samaritan is far superior to that of the Hernouten; for, though the second makes a great sacrifice, he is in some sort determined to it by force. A field must of necessity have been subjected to forage. But the Samaritan entirely obeys the impulse of humanity. His action is free, and his charity is spontaneous. This stricture, like all those of the gospel, contains in a few words, a multitude of clear and forcible instructions, respecting the duties inculcated in the second table of the law. It would be impossible to replace them by others, were imagination itself permitted to dictate them. Weigh all the circumstances of the restless and persevering charity of the Samaritan. He dresses the wounds of an unfortunate wretch, and places him on his own horse; he exposes his own life to danger, by stopping, and walking on foot in a place frequented by thieves. He afterwards makes provision in the inn, for the future as well as for the present necessi-

ties of the unhappy man, and continues his journey, without expecting any recompense whatever from the gratitude of the person whom he had succoured. p. 436.

If I am encouraged to flatter myself with the thought that I have wiped away the tears from the eyes of but one unfortunate fellow-creature, such a reflection would wipe away mine own in my dying moments. p. 442.

As far as I am concerned, I should believe that I had already deserved well of my country, had I only announced in her ear this awful truth: that she contains, in her bosom more than seven millions of poor, and that their number has been proceeding in an increasing proportion, from year to year, ever since the age of Louis XIV. p. 443.

I am not particularly interested in the people, either from the hope of their applause, or respect to their virtues, but from the labours in which they are employed. From the people it is that the greatest part

of my pleasures, and of my distresses proceed; by the people I am fed, clothed, lodged, and they are frequently employed in procuring superfluities for me, while necessaries are sometimes wanting to themselves; from them, likewise, issue epidemic diseases, robberies, seditions; and did they present nothing to me, but simply the spectacle of their happiness or misery, I could not remain in a state of indifference. Their joy involuntarily inspires me with joy, and their misery wrings my heart. I do not reckon my obligation to them acquitted, when I have paid them a pecuniary consideration for their services. It is a maxim of the hard-hearted rich man, "that artizan and I are quit," says he, "I have paid him." The money which I gave to a poor fellow for a service which he has rendered me, creates nothing new for his use; that money would equally circulate, and perhaps more advantageously for him, had I never existed. The people support, therefore, without any return on my part, the weight of my existence. It is still much worse when they are

loaded with the additional burden of my irregularities. To them I stand accountable for my vices and my virtues, more than to the magistrate. If I deprive a poor workman of part of his subsistence, I force him, in order to make up the deficiency, to become a beggar or a thief: if I manifest, in their eyes, a disregard to religion, I enfeeble the hope which sustains them under the pressure of their labours. Besides, religion lays me under an express injunction to love them. The people were not made for kings, but kings for the people. I am bound, therefore, I who am nothing, and can do nothing, to contribute my warmest wishes, at least, toward their felicity. p. 445.

I feel myself constrained, in justice to the commonalty of our own country, to declare that I know none in Europe superior to them in point of generosity, though, liberty excepted, they are the most miserable of all with whom I have had an opportunity to be acquainted.

I have remarked, for example, that many

of our inferior shopkeepers sell their wares at a lower price to the poor man than to the rich; and when I asked the reason, the reply was, "every body must live." I have likewise observed, that the lower order never haggle, when they are buying from poor people like themselves: "Every one," say they, "must live by his trade." I saw a little child, one day, buying greens from the herb woman: she filled a large apron with the articles which he wanted, and took a penny: on my expressing surprise at the quantity which she had given him, she said to me, "I would not have given so much to a grown person; but I would not for the world take advantage of a child." I knew a man by the name of Christal, in the rue de la Magdalaine, whose trade was to go about selling Auvergne waters, and who supported for five months, gratis, an upholsterer, of whom he had no knowledge, and whom a law suit had brought to Paris, because, as he told me, that poor upholsterer the whole length of the road, in a public carriage, had from time to time given an

arm to his sick wife. That same man had a son eighteen years old, a paralytic, whom he maintained with the tenderest attachment, without once consenting to his admission into the Hospital of Incurables, though frequently solicited to that effect, by persons who had interest sufficient to procure it: "God," said he to me, "has given me the poor youth: it is my duty to take care of him."

I once stopped, with admiration, to contemplate a poor mendicant, seated on a post, in the rue Bergere, near the Boulevards. A great many well dressed people passed by without giving him any thing; but there were very few servant girls, or women loaded with baskets, who did not stop to bestow their charity. He wore a well powdered peruque, with his hat under his arm, was dressed in a surtout, his linen white and clean, and every article so trim, that you would have thought these poor people were receiving alms from him, and not giving them. It is impossible, assuredly, to refer this sentiment of generosity in the

common people to any secret suggestion of self interest, as the enemies of mankind allege, in taking upon them to explain the causes of compassion. Not one of those poor benefactresses thought of putting herself in the place of the unfortunate mendicant, who, it was said, had been a watchmaker, and had lost his eyesight; but they were moved by that sublime instinct which interests us more in the distresses of the great, than in those of other men; because we estimate the magnitude of their sufferings by the standard of their elevation, and of the fall from it. A blind watchmaker was a Belisarius in the eyes of servant maids. p. 447.

Agriculture is, from its very nature, the most noble of all occupations. p. 456.

Through concord small things increase. p. 458.

The elm is undoubtedly a very useful tree: but we have a tree which is far preferable to it, because its wood is never at-

tacked by the insect; it is excellent for wainscotting, and it produces abundance of very nutrimental food. It is the chesnut tree I mean. A judgment may be formed of the duration and of the beauty of its wood, from the ancient wainscotting of the market *Germain*, before it was burnt down. The joists were of a prodigious length and thickness, and perfectly sound, though more than four hundred years old. We have, of late, entirely neglected this valuable tree, which is now allowed to grow only as coppice wood in our forests. p. 467.

When the king of Prussia ordered the sides of many of the great roads through Pomerania to be planted with fruit trees, it was insinuated to him that the fruit would be stolen: "The people," replied he, "at least will profit by it." p. 468.

Our roads might be rendered susceptible of another kind of beauty, by skirting them with fruit trees, which do not rise to a great height. These trees would likewise afford

a shade to travellers. The husbandmen, I know, allege, that the shade, so grateful to passengers, is injurious to their standing corn. They are undoubtedly in the right, as to several sorts of grain; but there are some which thrive better in places somewhat shaded than any where else. Besides, the farmer would be amply indemnified by the wood of the fruit trees, and by the crops of fruit. The interests even of the husbandman and of the traveller, might farther be rendered compatible, by planting only the roads which go from north to south, and the south side of those that run east and west, so that the shade of their trees should scarcely fall on the arable lands. p. 469.

The Chinese sow every where corn and rice, and feed their cattle with the straw. They say it is better that the beasts should live with man than man with the beasts. Their cattle are not the less fat for this. The German horses, the most vigorous of animals, feed entirely on straw cut short, with a small mixture of barley or oats. Our

farmers are every day adopting practices the direct contrary of this economy. They turn, as I have observed in many provinces, a great deal of land which formerly produced corn, into small grass farms, to save the expense of cultivation, and especially to escape the tithe, which their clergy do not receive from pasture lands. p. 470.

Bodily labour soothes to rest the solicitudes of the mind; fixes its natural restlessness; and promotes among the people health, religion, and happiness. p. 475.

Our public spectacles farther concur toward the increase of the spirit of division among us. Spectacles draw together the bodies of the citizens, and alienate their minds. p. 479.

Comedy, we are told, cures vice by the power of ridicule: this is false; comedy teaches us to laugh at another, and nothing more. No one says, when the representation is over, the portrait of this miser has a

strong resemblance of myself; but every one, instantly discerns in it the image and likeness of his neighbour. p. 480.

It is a fact easily ascertained, that wherever advocates and physicians peculiarly abound, lawsuits and diseases there likewise are found in uncommon abundance. Though there be among them men of the best dispositions, and of the soundest intellect, they do not set their face against irregularities which are beneficial to their corps. p. 492.

What mischief has not been practised in the name of God! All acknowledge the one Supreme Being, who created the heavens, and the earth, and man; but each kingdom has its own, who must be worshipped according to a certain ritual. To this God it is that each nation, in particular, offers thanksgiving, on occasion of every battle. In his name it was that the poor Americans were extirminated. The God of Europe is clothed with terror, and de-

voutly adored. But where are the altars of the God of Peace, of the Father of Mankind, of Him who proclaims the glad tidings of the Gospel?—Human life, so fleeting and so wretched, passes away in this unremitting strife; and while the historians of every nation, well paid for their trouble, are extolling the victories of their kings and of their pontiffs, the people are addressing themselves, in tears, to the God of the human race, and asking of him the way in which they ought to walk, in order to reach his habitation at length, and to live a life of virtue and happiness upon the earth.

p. 496.

I shall consider myself as amply recompensed for the labour which my researches have cost me, if so much as a single one of my hints of reform shall be adopted.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE THIRD VOLUME

OF

THE STUDIES OF NATURE,

BY JAMES HENRY BERNARDIN,

GENERALLY KNOWN BY THE TITLE

DE ST. PIERRE.

I AM fond of Paris. Next to a rural situation, and a rural situation such as I like, I give Paris the preference to any thing I have ever seen in the world. I love that city, not only on account of its happy situation, because all the accommodations of human life are there collected, from its being the centre of all the powers of the kingdom, and for the other reasons which made Michael Montaigne delight in it, but because it is the asylum and the refuge of the miserable. There it is, that the provincial ambitions, prejudices, aversions, and tyrannies are lost and annihilated. There

a man may live in obscurity and liberty. There it is possible to be poor without being despised. The afflicted person is there decoyed out of his misery, by the public gaiety; and the feeble there feels himself strong in the strength of the multitude. *Vol.* iii. p. 6.

We are taught to be well read in books, in pictures, in algebra, in heraldry, and not in men. Connoisseurs are rapt with admiration at sight of a Savoyard's head, painted by Greuze; but the Savoyard himself is at the corner of the street, speaking, walking, almost frozen to death, and no one minds him. That mother, with her children around her, forms a charming group; the picture is invaluable: the originals are in a neighbouring garret, without a farthing whereupon to subsist.

This chimney-sweeper, those soldiers, and that general, are equally men; and, while birth, pride, and the demands of social life establish infinite differences among them, religion places them on a level: she

humbles the head of the mighty, by shewing them the vanity of their power; and she raises up the head of the unfortunate, by disclosing to them the prospects of immortality: she thus brings back all men to the equality which nature had established at their birth, and which the order of society had disturbed. p. 8.

Our moping, melancholy old men consider themselves as useless to the world; they no longer perceive any other perspective before them but death. Ah! paradise and life are still upon the earth, for him who has the power of doing good.

There is, it must be admitted, much depravity among the lower orders; but there are various methods which may be employed to find out such as are good and honest: and with them I commence my researches after pleasure. A new Diogenes, I am set out in search of men. As I look only for the miserable, I have no occasion to use a lantern. p. 9.

Persons employed in the culture of vegetables, are, in general, a better sort of people. Plants have their theology impressed upon them. I one day, however, fell in with a husbandman who was an atheist. It is true, he had not picked up his opinions in the fields, but from books. He seemed to be exceedingly well satisfied with his attainments in knowledge. I could not help saying to him at parting: "You have really gained a mighty point, in employing the researches of your understanding to render yourself miserable." p. 10.

The night itself cannot conceal virtue.

One day, I happened to be at a village festival, not far from Paris. After dinner, the company betook themselves to walking up and down the fair, and amused themselves with throwing pieces of small money among the peasantry, to have the pleasure of seeing them scramble and fight, in picking them up. For my own part, following the bent of my solitary humour, I walked apart in another direction. I observed a

little girl selling apples. To no purpose did she extol the excellence of her goods; no customer appeared to cheapen them. "How much do you ask for all your apples?" said I to her. "All my apples?" replied she, and at the same time began to reckon with herself. "Three-pence," said she. "I take them at that price, returned I, on condition you will go and distribute them among these little Savoyards, whom you see there below:" this was instantly executed. The children were quite transported with delight at this unexpected regale, as was likewise the little merchant at bringing her wares to so good a market. I should have conferred much less pleasure on them had I given them the money. Every one was satisfied, and no one humbled. The great art of doing good consists in doing it judiciously. Religion instructs us in this important secret, in recommending to us to do to others what we wish should be done to us.

I sometimes betake myself to the great road, like the ancient patriarchs, to do the honours of the city to strangers who may

happen to arrive. I recollect the time when I myself was a stranger in strange lands, and the kind reception I met with when far from home. p. 13.

I perceive a German travelling on foot; I accost him, I invite him to stop and take a little repose at my habitation. He communicates to me the occasion of his journey. I interrupt him to make my inquiries after my friends Count Munich, Villebois, Bosquet, Taubenheim, &c. Most of them are dead he tells me, the rest are superannuated; and retired from all public employment. Oh! how melancholy it is, I exclaim, to travel from one's country, and to make acquaintance with estimable men abroad, whom we are never to see more! Oh! how rapid a career is human life! Happy the man who has it in his power to employ it in doing good! My guest favours me with a short detail of his adventures: I pay the closest attention, from their resemblance to my own. His leading object was to deserve well of his fellow-creatures, and he has

been rewarded by them with calumny and persecution. Full of emotion, he presses my hand. Oh! what pungent sorrow may be soothed to rest by a single word, and by the feeblest mark of benevolence! p. 15.

My different establishments, scattered over the capital and the vicinity, variegate my life most innocently and most agreeably. In winter, I take up my residence in that which is exposed completely to the noon-day sun; in summer, I remove to that which has a northern aspect, and hangs over the cooling stream. At another time, I pitch my tent in the neighbourhood of the Rue d' Artois, among piles of hewn stone, where I see palaces rising around me. I take care never to inquire to whom they belong. But, I shall be asked, is there nothing to be feared in such a style of living? May I meet the final period of my days, while engaged in the practice of virtue! I have heard many a history of persons who perished in hunting matches, in parties of pleasure, while travelling by land and by water; but

never in performing acts of beneficence. Gold is a powerful commander of respect with the commonalty. I display wealth sufficient to secure their attention, but not enough to tempt any one to plunder me. I am very circumspect in the choice of my hosts; and if I perceive that I have been mistaken in my selection, the rent of my lodgings is paid before hand, and I return no more. p. 16.

On this plan of life, I have not the least occasion for the incumbrances of furniture and servants. With what tender solicitude am I expected in each of my habitations! What satisfaction does my arrival inspire! What attention and zeal do my entertainers express to outrun my wishes! I enjoy among them the choicest blessings of society, without feeling any of the inconveniences. No one sits down at my table to backbite his neighbour, and no one leaves it with a disposition to speak unkindly of me. I have no children; but those of my landlady are more eager to please me than their

own parents. I have no wife: the most sublime charm of love is to devise and accomplish the felicity of another. I assist in the formation of happy marriages, or in promoting the happiness of those that are already formed. I thus dissipate my personal languor, I put my passions upon the right scent, by proposing to them the noblest attainments at which they can aim upon the earth, I have drawn nigh to the miserable with an intention to comfort them, and from them, perhaps, I shall derive consolation in my turn. In this manner it is in your power to live, O ye great ones of the earth! and thus might you multiply your fleeting days in the land through which you are merely travellers.....You are every day looking out for some new spectacle; there is no one which possesses so much the charm of novelty as the happiness of mankind. p. 17.

There are many confessors who have neither the talents nor the experience requisite to the comforter of the afflicted.

The point is not to pronounce absolution to the man who confesses his sins, but to assist him in bearing up under those of another, which lie much heavier upon him.

As to preachers, their sermons are usually too vague, and too injudiciously applied to the various necessities of their hearers. They will declaim against avarice to a prodigal, or against profusion to a miser. They will inculcate the duty of giving alms on the persons who receive them: and the virtue of humility on a poor water porter. There are some who preach repentance to the unfortunate, who promise the joys of paradise to voluptuous courts, and who denounce eternal punishments* against starving villages. I have known, in the country, a poor female peasant driven to madness, by a sermon of this cast.—It is no easy matter to find out, in a soul wounded and oppressed with timidity, the precise point of its grief, and to apply the balm and the hand of the good Samaritan to the sore. This is an art known only to minds endowed

* Original translation is, the flames of hell.

with sensibility, who have themselves suffered severely, and which is not always the attainment of those who are virtuous only.

The people feel the want of this consolation; and finding no man to whom they can make application for it, they address themselves to stones. I have sometimes read, with an aching heart, in our churches, billets affixed by the wretched, to the corner of a pillar, in some obscure chapel. They represented the cases of unhappy women abused by their husbands; of young people labouring under embarrassment: they solicited not the money of the compassionate, but their prayers. They were upon the point of sinking into despair. Their miseries were inconceivable. Ah! if men who have themselves been acquainted with grief, of all conditions, would unite in presenting to the sons and daughters of affliction, their experience and their sensibility, more than one illustrious sufferer would come and draw from them those consolations which all the preachers, and books, and philosophy in the world, are incapable to administer. All that the poor man needs,

in many cases, in order to soothe his woe, is a person into whose ear he can pour out his complaint. p. 19.

A society, composed of men such as I have fondly imagined to myself, would undertake the important task of eradicating the vices and prejudices of the populace. They would endeavour, for example, to apply a remedy to the barbarity which imposes such oppressive loads on the miserable horses, and cruelly abuses them in other respects, while every street of the city rings with the horrible oaths of their drivers.

I have remarked that, about the age of forty-five, a striking revolution takes place in most men, and to acknowledge the truth, that it is then they degenerate, and become destitute of principle. At this period it is that women become completely depraved. This fatal revolution is a consequence of the vices of our education, and the manners of society. Both of these present the prospect of human happiness, only toward the middle period of life, in the possession of

riches and of honours. When we have painfully scrambled up this steep mountain, and reached its summit, about the middle of our course, we redescend with our eyes turned back toward youth, because we have no perspective before us but death. Thus the career of life is divided into two parts, the one consisting of hopes, the other of recollections; and we have laid hold of nothing by the way, but illusions. The first, at least, support us by feeding desire; but the others overwhelm us, by inspiring regret only. This is the reason that old men are less susceptible of virtue than young people, though they talk much more about it. Had they been directed by religion and nature, they must have rejoiced in the approach of their latter end, as vessels just ready to enter the harbour. p. 22.

I leave this project to be unfolded and matured by some good man, who loves God and his fellow-creatures, and who performs good actions, in the way that religion prescribes, without letting his left hand know what his right hand doth. p. 23.

Paris presents many a retreat to the miserable, known by the name of hospitals. May heaven reward the charity of those who have founded them, and the still greater virtue of those persons of both sexes who superintend them! p. 24.

I should like to see at Paris, the *Samoïèdes* with their coats of sea-calf skin, and their boots of sturgeon's hide; and the black Iolofs, dressed in their waist attire, streaked with red and blue. I could wish to see there the beardless Indians of Peru, dressed in feathers from head to foot, strolling about undismayed, in our public squares, mingled with stately Spaniards, in whiskers and short cloaks. It would give me pleasure to see the Dutch making a settlement on the thirsty ridges of Montmartre; and following the bent of their hydraulic inclination, like the beavers, find the means of there constructing canals filled with water; while the inhabitants of the banks of the Oronoko should live comfortably dry, suspended over the lands inundated

by the Seine, amidst the foliage of willows and alder trees. p. 33.

Our particular destinies are connected with those of mankind. This is an homage which the Christian religion justly challenges, and which it alone merits. Nature says love thyself alone; domestic education says love your family; the national says love your country; but religion says, love all mankind, without exception. She is better acquainted with our interests, than our natural instinct is, or our parentage, or our politics. Human societies are not detached from each other, like those of animals. The bees of France are not in the least affected by the destruction of the hives in America. But the tears of mankind, shed in the new world, cause streams of blood to flow in the ancient continent; and the war whoop of a savage, on the bank of a lake, has oftener than once re-echoed through Europe, and disturbed the repose of her potentates. The religion which condemns love of ourselves, and which en-

joins the love of mankind, is not self-contradictory, as certain sophists have alleged; she exacts the sacrifice of our passions only to direct them toward the general felicity; and by inculcating upon us the obligation of loving all men, she furnishes us with the only real means of loving ourselves. p. 35.

The natural genius is possessed of resources exceedingly simple, but far superior to those of our arts. For example, the savages of Canada had no cooking pots of metal, previous to the arrival of the Europeans. They had, however, found means to supply this want, by hollowing the trunk of a tree with fire. But how did they contrive to set it a boiling, so as to dress a whole ox, which they frequently did? I have applied to more than one pretended man of genius for a solution of this difficulty, but to no purpose. As to myself, I was long puzzled, I acknowledge, in devising a method by which water might be made to boil in kettles made of wood, which were frequently large enough to contain several

hundred gallons. Nothing, however, could be easier to savages: they heated pebbles and flints till they were red hot, and cast them into the water in the pot, till it boiled.

p. 39.

The works of nature, and those of man, mutually embellish each other. The spirit of selfishness has destroyed among us a taste for nature. Our peasantry see no beauty in our plains, but there where they see the return of their labour. I one day met, in the vicinity of the Abbey of La Trappe, on the flinty road of Notre Dame d' Apre, a country woman walking along, with two large loaves of bread under her arm. It was in the month called* May, and the weather inexpressibly fine. "What a charming season it is!" said I to the good woman: "How beautiful are those apple trees in blossom! How sweetly these nightingales sing in the woods!" "Ah!" replied she, "I dont mind nosegays, nor these little squallers! It is bread that we want." Indigence hardens

* Original—of.

the heart of the country people, and shuts their eyes. But the good folks of the town have no greater relish for nature, because the love of gold regulates all their other appetites. p. 41.

The Mareschal de Saxe, our historians tell us, was crowned with laurels on the national theatre: as if the nation had consisted of players, and as if its senate were a theatre! For my own part, I look on virtue as so respectable, that nothing more would be wanting but a single subject, in which it was eminently conspicuous, to overwhelm with ridicule those who dared to dispense to it such vain and contemptible honours. What stage dancing girl, for example, durst have had the impudence to crown the august forehead of Turenne, or that of Fenelon. p. 45.

As I was walking some time ago, toward the quarter of the Military School, I perceived at some distance near a sand pit, a thick column of smoke. I bent my course

that way, to see what produced it. I found, in a very solitary place, a poor and aged woman sitting upon a stone. She was deeply engaged in reading in an old book, close by a great pile of herbage, which she had set on fire. I first asked her for what purpose she was burning those herbs? She replied, that it was for the sake of the ashes, which she gathered up and sold to the laundresses; that for this end she bought of the gardeners the refuse plants of their grounds, and was waiting till they were entirely consumed, that she might carry off the ashes, because they were liable to be stolen in her absence. After having thus satisfied my curiosity, she returned to her book, and read on with deep attention. Eagerly desirous to know what book it was with which she filled up her hours of languor, I took the liberty to ask the title of it. "It is the life of M. de Turenne," she replied. "Well, what do you think of him?" said I. "Ah!" replied she, with emotion, "he was a very brave man, who suffered much uneasiness from a minister of state, while he was alive!"

I withdrew, filled with increased veneration for the memory of Turenne, who served to console a poor old woman in distress. It is thus that the virtues of the lower classes of society support themselves on those of great men, as the feeble plants, which to escape being trampled under foot, cling to the trunk of the oak. p. 47.

It is the profession of agriculture in particular, above all others, of which every function is allied to virtue. In order to be an husbandman, there is no need to deceive, to flatter, to degrade one's self, to do violence to another. He is not indebted, for the profits of his labour, to the vices or luxury of his age, but to the bounty of Heaven. p. 50.

I have oftener than once stood still, of an evening, at sight of a magnificent funeral procession, not so much to admire the pomp of it, as to listen to the judgment pronounced by the populace on the high and puissant prince, whose obsequies were celebrating.

I have frequently heard the question asked, "Was he a good master?" "Was he fond of his wife and children?" "Was he a friend to the poor?" The people insist particularly on this last question; because, being continually influenced by the principal call of nature, they distinguish, in the rich, hardly any other virtue than beneficence. I have often heard this reply given: "O! he never did good to any one: he was an unkind relation, and a harsh master." I have heard them say, at the interment of a Farmer General, who left behind him more than twelve millions of livres,* "He drove away the country poor from the gate of his castle with fork and flail." On such occasions, you hear the spectators fall a swearing, and cursing the memory of the deceased. Such are, usually, the funeral orations of the rich, in the mouth of the populace. There is little doubt, that their decisions would produce consequences of a certain kind, were the police of Paris less strict than it is.

* $2,222,222 22.

Death alone can insure reputation, and nothing short of religion can consecrate it. Our grandees are abundantly aware of this. Hence the sumptuousness of their monuments in our churches. It is not that the clergy make a point of their being interred there, as many imagine. The clergy would equally receive their perquisites, were the interment in the country: and they would be relieved from breathing, all the year round, the putrid exhalations of carcasses. The principal obstacle to this necessary reform in our police, proceeds from the great and the rich, who are seldom disposed to crowd the church in their life-time, are eager for admission after their death, that the people may admire their superb mausolea, and their virtues pourtrayed in brass and marble. But thanks to the allegorical representations of our artists, and to the Latin inscriptions of our literati, the people know nothing about the matter; and the only reflection they make, at sight of them, is, that all this must have cost an enormous sum of money; and that such a vast

quantity of copper might be converted, to advantage, into porridge pots.

Religion alone has the power of consecrating, in a manner that shall last, the memory of virtue. p. 52.

I would have monuments of every kind, apportioned to the various degrees of merit. I would have no Latin inscriptions, nor mythological expressions, nor any thing that savoured of the Academy. Still less would I admit of dignities, or of honours, which call to remembrance the vain ideas of the world; I would retrench from them all the qualities which are destroyed by death; no importance should there be assigned but to good actions, which survive the man and the citizen, and which are the only titles that posterity cares for, and that God recompenses. The inscriptions upon them should be simple, and be naturally suggested by each particular subject. For Example— p. 63.

I was odious
in
THE SIGHT OF GOD AND MAN;
But,
Melted into Penitence,
I have made my peace with Heaven by contrition, and have
Repaired the mischief which I had done to Men, by
BEFRIENDING THE MISERABLE.

I have learned to despise
THE VAIN DELIGHTS OF THE WORLD;
and now
I ENJOY HAPPINESS.

He fulfilled the two great precepts of the Law:
HE LOVED GOD AND MAN.

Her sins, which are many, are forgiven;
For,
SHE LOVED MUCH.

Virtue is an effort made upon ourselves,
for
THE GOOD OF MEN,
in the view of
PLEASING GOD ONLY.

The smallest act
of
VIRTUE IS OF MORE VALUE
Than the exercise of
THE GREATEST TALENTS.

WHEN AFFLICTION IS AT THE HEIGHT,
Then
We are the most encouraged to look for
Consolation:
The narrowest part of the defile is
At
THE ENTRANCE OF THE PLAIN.

Whoever has cordially devoted his Soul
TO GOD,
Has effectually secured himself against all
the ills which can befall him,
BOTH IN THIS WORLD AND IN THE NEXT.

HE WHO HAS PROVIDED
Light for the eye of Man,
Sounds for his ear, perfumes for his smell,
and fruits for his palate,
will find
The means of one day replenishing his
heart, which nothing here below
can satisfy.

WHEN A MAN STUDIES THE WORLD,
He prizes those only who possess Sagacity;
But,
WHEN HE STUDIES HIMSELF,
He esteems only those who exercise
Indulgence. p. 69.

A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another.

Virtue consists
in preferring
THE PUBLIC GOOD TO OUR OWN.

In order to be Virtuous
A MAN
Must resist his propensities, his inclinations, his tastes, and maintain
AN INCESSANT CONFLICT WITH HIMSELF.

The philosopher Lalouberé, envoy from Louis XIV, to Siam, says, in the account which he gives of his mission, that the Asiatics laugh us to scorn, when we boast to them of the excellence of the Christian religion, as contributing to the happiness of

states. They ask, on reading our histories, how is it possible that our religion should be so humane, while we wage war ten times more frequently than they do? What would they say, then, did they see among us our perpetual law suits, the malicious censoriousness and calumny of our societies, the quarrels of the populace, the duels of the better sort, and our animosities of every kind, nothing similar to which is to be seen in Asia, in Africa, among the Tartars, or among savages, on the testimony of missionaries themselves? For my own part, I discern the cause of all these particular and general disorders, in our ambitious education. When a man has drunk, from infancy upward, into the cup of ambition, the thirst of it cleaves to him all his life long. It is not religion, assuredly, which occasions this. I cannot explain how it comes to pass, that kingdoms, calling themselves Christian, should have adopted ambition as the basis of public education. p. 82.

The Arabs extend their humanity to the

very horses; they never beat them; they manage them by means of kindness and caresses, and render them so docile, that there are no animals of the kind in the whole world, once to be compared with them in beauty and in goodness. They do not fix them to a stake in the fields, but suffer them to pasture at large around their habitation, to which they come running the moment that they hear the master's voice. Those tractable animals resort at night to their tents, and lie down in the midst of the children, without ever hurting them in the slightest degree. If the rider happens to fall, his horse stands still instantly, and never stirs till he has mounted again. D' Hervieux says, that the whole stock of a poor Arabian of the desert, consisted of a most beautiful mare. The French consul at *Saïd* offered to purchase her, with an intention to send her to his master, Louis XIV. The Arab, pressed by want, hesitated a long time; but at length consented, on condition of receiving a very considerable sum, which he named. The consul, not

daring, without instruction, to give so high a price, wrote to Versailles for permission to close the bargain on the terms stipulated. The king gave orders to pay the money. The consul immediately sent notice to the Arab, who soon after made his appearance, mounted on his magnificent courser, and the gold which he demanded was paid down to him. The Arab, covered with a miserable rug, dismounts, looks at the money; then, turning his eyes to the mare, he sighs, and thus accosts her: "To whom am I going to yield thee up? To Europeans, who will tie thee close, who will beat thee, who will render thee miserable: return with me, my beauty, my darling, my jewel! and rejoice the hearts of my children!" As he pronounced these words, he sprang upon her back, and scampered off toward the desert.

p. 93.

Those among us who have any ambition that regards futurity, restrict it to the being themselves distinguished by the age in which they live, for their knowledge or their philosophy. The ancients employed their

thoughts in prognosticating the character and condition of their posterity; and we revolve what our ancestors were. They looked forward, and we look backward. We are in the state, like passengers embarked against their will on board a vessel; we look toward the stern, and not to the prow; to the land from which we are taking our departure, and not to that on which we hope to arrive. p. 96.

The finest flowers are not always those for which we conceive the highest affection. The moral sentiment determines at the long run all our physical tastes. p. 101.

The first precept of religion is to love God. We are enjoined by religion to love him above all things. We are encouraged to address ourselves to him as to a father. If we are commanded to fear him, it is only with a relation to the love which we owe Him; because we ought to be afraid of offending the person whom we are bound to love. Besides, I am very far from thinking,

that a child is incapable of having any idea of God before fourteen years of age, as has been advanced by a writer, whom, in other respects, I love. Do we not convey to the youngest children, sentiments of fear, and of aversion, for metaphysical objects, which have no existence? Wherefore should they not be inspired with confidence and love for the Being who fills universal nature with his beneficence? Would to God I had preserved the sentiment of the existence of the Supreme Being, and of his principal attributes, as pure as I had it in my earliest years! It is the heart still more than the understanding, that religion demands. And which heart, I beseech you, is most filled with the Deity, and the most agreeable in his sight; that of the child, who, elevated with the sentiment of Him, raises his innocent hands to heaven, as he stammers out his prayer, or of the schoolman, who pretends to explain his nature. p. 107.

It is worthy of remark, that of all the sacred books, there is no one which children

take in with so much facility as the gospel. It would be proper to habituate them betimes, in a particular manner, to perform the actions which are there enjoined, without vain glory, and without any respect to human observation or applause. They ought to be trained up, therefore, in the habit of preventing each other in acts of friendship, in mutual deference, and in good offices of every kind.

All the children of citizens should be admitted into this national school, without making a single exception. I would insist only on the most perfect cleanliness, were they, in other respects, dressed but in patches sewed together. There you might see the child of a man of quality, attended by his governor, arrive in an equipage, and take his place by the side of a peasant's child, leaning on his little stick, dressed in canvass, in the very middle of winter, and carrying in his satchel his books and his slice of brown bread, for the provision of the whole day. Thus they would both learn to know each other, before they came

to be separated forever. The child of the rich man would be instructed to impart of his superfluity to him who is frequently destined to support the affluent out of his own necessary pittance. p. 108.

If you wish children to learn quickly to read, put a sugar-plum over each of their letters; they will soon have their alphabet by heart; and if you multiply or diminish the number of them, they will soon become arithmeticians. However that may be, they shall have profited wonderfully in this school of their country, should they leave it without having learned to read, write, and cipher; but deeply penetrated with this one truth, that to read, write, and cipher, and all the sciences in the world, are mere nothings; but that to be sincere, good, obliging; to love God and man, is the only science worthy of the human heart.

At the second era of education, I would have them instructed in the means which men employ in making provision for the wants of society. I would not pretend to

teach them the five hundred and thirty arts and handicrafts which are carried on at Paris, but those only which are subservient to the first necessities of human life, such as agriculture; the different processes employed in making bread; the arts, which, in the pride of our hearts we denominate mechanical, such as those of spinning flax and hemp, of weaving these into cloth, and that of building houses. p. 109.

Good will is more powerful than any other mode of constraint to which men can be subjected, for by means of it, every one becomes a law unto himself. p. 116.

If calamity be the road to truth, I have not been destitute of means to direct me toward her. The disorders of which I have frequently been the witness, and the victim, have suggested to me ideas of order. p. 135.

At the time when unconscious of having committed the slightest injury to any one,

after an infinity of fruitless voyages, services, and labours, I was preparing, in solitude, these last fruits of my experience and application, my secret enemies, that is, the men under whom I scorned to enlist as a partisan, found means to intercept a gratuity which I annually received from the beneficence of my sovereign. It was the only source of subsistence to myself, and the only means I enjoyed of assisting my family. To this catastrophe were added the loss of health, and domestic calamities which baffle all the powers of description.

But, I bear no malice to any of my persecutors. If I am, one day laid under the necessity of exposing to the light, their secret practises against me, it shall only be in the view of justfying my own conduct. In other respects, I am under obligation to them. Their persecution has proved the cause of my repose. To their disdainful ambition I am indebted for a liberty, which I prize far above their greatness. To them I owe the delicious studies to which I have devoted my attention. Providence has not

abandoned me, though they have.—Had I reposed in God that confidence which I put in men, I should have always enjoyed undisturbed tranquillity. The proofs of his Providence, as affecting myself, in the past, ought to set my heart at rest about futurity. But from a fault of education, the opinions of men still exercise too much dominion over me. By their fears, and not my own, is my mind disturbed. Nevertheless, I sometimes say to myself, wherefore be embarrassed about what is to come? If you disquieted not yourself about being born, wherefore should you, about living, and wherefore about dying? Are you not always in the same hand? p. 138.

Nothing is durable, virtue alone excepted. Personal beauty passes quickly away; riches inspire extravagant inclinations; grandeur fatigues; reputation is uncertain; talents, nay, genius itself, are liable to be impaired: but virtue is ever beautiful, ever diversified, ever equal, and ever vigorous,

because it is resigned to all events, to privations as to enjoyments, to death as to life. p. 140.

The people have lost the memory of their monarchs who presided in councils, but they cherish to this day, the remembrance of those of them who supped with millers. p. 146.

After all, the point to be aimed at, is not to have no ground of complaint against mankind, but to take care that the world have no just ground of complaint against us. p. 156.

It was not my intention, then to exalt myself on the ruins of any one. I do not wish to rear my own pedestal. A grassy turf is elevation sufficient to him who aspires no longer after any thing but repose. Did I possess the courage to present, myself, the history of the weakness of my own mind, it would awaken the compassion of those whose envy I may have perhaps provoked. Of how many errors, from infancy upward, have I been the dupe! By how

many false perceptions, ill founded contempts, mistaken estimations, treacherous friendships, have I practised illusion upon myself! Those prejudices were not adopted by me on the faith of another only, but on my own. It is not my ambition to attract admirers, but to secure indulgent friends. I prize much more highly the man who bears with my infirmities, than I do him who exaggerates my puny virtues. The one supports me in my weakness, and the other supports himself on my strength; the one loves me in my poverty, and the other adheres to me in my pretended affluence.—At present, I wish for no friends but among those whose souls are simple, candid, gentle, innocent, and endowed with sensibility.

They interest me much more, if ignorant rather than learned, suffering rather than prosperous, in cottages rather than in palaces. p. 202.

After all, is public respectability half so valuable as domestic felicity? p. 217.

Sometimes they were lulled to rest, by the noise of the rain rushing down in torrents on the roof of their cottages; or by the roaring of the winds, which conveyed to their ears the distant murmuring of the billows which broke upon the shore. They united in giving thanks to God for their personal security, the sentiment of which was heightened by that of danger remote.

This sentiment of confidence in the Power Supreme, filled them with consolation respecting the past, with fortitude for the present, and with hope for the time to come.

p. 242.

When they beheld affliction, they were afflicted; when they saw tears shed, they wept.

The wealthy planters resorted thither in their palanquins; and made many efforts to form an acquaintance with these happily united families, and invited them to partake of their parties of pleasure. But they uniformly declined accepting such tenders, civily and respectfully, under the convic-

tion, that persons of consequence court the obscure, only for the pleasure of having compliant hangers on, and that it is impossible to be complaisant, but by flattering the passions of another, whether they be good or bad. On the other hand, they shunned, with no less circumspection, all intimacy with the lower inhabitants, who are, for the most part, jealous, backbiters, and vulgar. They passed, at first, with one of those sets, for timid; and with the other, for haughty; but their reserved behaviour was accompanied with marks of politeness so obliging, especially to persons in distress, that they imperceptibly acquired the respect of the rich, and the confidence of the poor. p. 243.

I pass my days remote from men, whom I have wished to serve, and who have repaid me with persecution.—A cottage, which I have built in the forest, at the foot of a tree, a little field, cleared for cultivation by my own hands, and a river which flows before my door, are fully adequate to all my wants, and all my pleasures. I add to these en-

joyments, a few good books, which teach me to become better: they even make the world, which I have quitted, still contribute to my happiness, by presenting me with pictures of those passions which render its inhabitants so miserable; and, by the comparison which I make between their condition and my own, they procure for me a negative felicity. Like a man saved from shipwreck, seated on a rock, I contemplate, in my solitude, the storms which are raging in the rest of the world; nay, my tranquillity is increased by the fury of the distant tempest. Since men stand no longer in my way, and since I am no longer in theirs, I have ceased to hate, and now I pity them.

p. 283.

If I meet with any miserable wretch, I try to assist him by my counsels—I however have found innocence alone attentive to my voice. Amongst a great number of unhappy creatures whom I have sometimes endeavoured to bring back to nature, I have not found a single one who was not intoxicated with his own miseries. They listened

to me at first with attention in hopes that I was going to assist them in acquiring either glory or riches, but perceiving that I only meant to teach them to do without these things, they looked upon me myself as a miserable wretch, because I did not pursue their wretched felicity.

I compare those successive tribes of men, whom I have seen contending with so much fury, about mere chimeras, and who are now no more, to the little waves of my rivulet, which, foaming, dash themselves against the rocks of its bed, and then disappear, never more to return. p. 284.

As she always employed her minutest actions for the benefit of others, she never ate a fruit in the country without planting its seed, or its kernel in the earth. "Trees," said she, "will spring from these, which may, one day, give their fruits to some traveller, or at least, to some bird." p. 286.

By objects, which we habitually behold, we are unable to perceive with what ra-

pidity our life passes away; they, as well as ourselves, grow old, with an imperceptible decay: but those, which we suddenly see again, after several years absence, admonish us of the swiftness with which the stream of our days flows on. p. 287.

My son, replied I, that courage which makes us rush on to meet death, is the courage of only a single moment. It is often excited by the vain applause of man. There is a species of courage more rare, and still more necessary, which enables us daily to support the misfortunes of life, without a witness, and without praise; what I mean is patience. It rests not on the opinion of another, nor on the impulse of our own passions, but on the will of God. Patience is the courage of virtue. p. 301.

Beneficence is the happiness of virtue; there is none greater, or more certain, on the earth. Projects of pleasure, of repose, of enjoyment, of abundance, and of glory, are not made for feeble man, who is only a

traveller, and a passenger, through this world. p. 321.

Examine those men who appear the most happy, and you will find that they have purchased their pretended enjoyments very dearly; public respectability, by domestic distresses; riches, by the loss of health; the rare pleasure of being beloved, by continual sacrifices; and, often, at the close of a life devoted to the interests of another, they see nothing around them but false friends, and ungrateful relations.

She was prepared to meet the future, by the innocence of her past life, and she then received the reward, which Heaven reserves for virtue, a courage superior to danger. She encountered death with a serene countenance. p. 323.

There is a God, my son; all nature announces it; there is no occasion to prove it to *you*. Nothing but the wickedness of men could make them deny a Justice which they contemplate with terror. A sentiment

of him is in your heart, in like manner as his works are before your eyes. p. 324.

The consolation which I endeavoured to administer, only served to aggravate his despair.

Lively characters, over whom slight troubles slide easily away, are the least able to withstand heavy calamities. p. 326.

I replied, My friend, I believe that nothing happens in the world without the permission of God. Dreams sometimes announce truth.

The opinion, that truth is sometimes conveyed to us in sleep, is universally propagated over all the nations of the earth. The greatest men of antiquity have adopted it; among others, Alexander, Cæsar, the Scipios, the two Catos, and Brutus, who were none of them men of weak minds. The Old and New Testaments have furnished us with many instances of dreams which were verified. For my own part, I have no occasion for any higher proof on

the subject than my own experience; and I have found, more than once, that dreams are sometimes warnings, which give us information very interesting to ourselves.

p. 327.

This unnatural relation soon met with the punishment due to her cruelty—she was tormented by the vapours, which rendered life and death equally insupportable.

p. 329.

I am like a friend stripped of his friends; like a father who has lost his children; like a traveller wandering along the earth, where I remain in gloomy solitude. As he uttered these words, the good old man walked away, melting into tears, and mine had flowed, more than once, during this melancholy relation. p. 331.

They commended my patience so extravagantly, only to make me lose it. Thus they calumniated me under the guise of panegyric, and destroyed my reputation in feigning to pity me.

I consider myself as reprehensible for a

sensibility too acute to pain, whether physical or moral. A single prickle gives me more uneasiness than the smell of a hundred roses gives pleasure. The best company in the world appears to me intolerable, if I meet in it a single self-important, envious, evil-speaking, malignant, perfidious person. I am well aware, that people of very great worth associate, every day, with persons of all these descriptions, support them, nay, flatter them, and turn them to their own account; but I am well aware, at the same time, that these same people of worth bring into society nothing but the jargon of the world; whereas, I, for my part, always pour out my heart; that they pay deceivers in their own coin, and I with all I have, that is to say, with my sentiments. Though my enemies may represent me as of a mistrustful character, the greatest part of the errors of my life, especially as far as they are concerned, arose from an excess of confidence; and, after all, I would much rather have them complain, that I mistrusted them without a cause, than that they

should have had themselves any reason to be mistrustful of me. p. 338.

I have every where seen confederacies of various sorts, and I have always found in them the same species of men. They have but one object in view, namely to domineer. Nevertheless, the interest of their corps excepted, I never met with two of them, whose opinions did not differ as much as their faces. What is a source of joy to the one, sinks the other into despair: to the one, evidence appears to be absurdity; to the other, downright absurdity is evidence. What do I say? In the exact study which I have made of men, in the view of finding a comforter among them, I have seen persons the most renowned, differ completely from themselves, according as it was morning or night, as it was before or after dinner, as they were in public or in private. Books, even those which are most eagerly cried up, abound with contradictions.

I acted very imprudently, in adding the unskilfulness of the physicians to my own

infirmities, as there are more patients of every description, killed by remedies than by diseases. p. 339.

I was attacked by a malady to which I had hitherto been a stranger. Fires, similar to those of lightning, affected the organs of vision. Every object presented itself to me double, and in motion: like Œpidus, I saw two suns. My heart was not less disturbed than my head. In the finest day in summer, I could not cross the Seine in a boat, without undergoing anxieties unutterable; even I who had preserved my soul in tranquillity, amidst a tempest off the Cape of Good Hope, on board a vessel struck with lightning. If I happened to pass simply through a public garden, by the side of a basin full of water, I underwent spasmodic affections of extreme horror. There were particular moments, in which I imagined myself bitten, without knowing how, or when, by a mad dog. Much worse than this had actually befallen me; I had been bitten by the tooth of calumny. p. 340.

One thing is absolutely certain, the paroxysms of this malady overtook me only when in the society of men. I found it intolerable to continue in an apartment where there was company, especially if the doors were shut. I could not even cross an alley in a public garden, if several persons had got together in it. I derived no relief from the circumstance of their being unknown to me; I recollected that I had been calumniated by my own friends, and for the most honourable actions of my life. When I was alone, my malady subsided: I felt myself likewise at my ease in places where I saw children only. I frequently went for this purpose, and seated myself by the box of the horse-shoe in the Tuileries, to look at the children playing on the grassy parterre, with the little dogs which frisked about them....Their innocence reconciled me to the human species, much better than all the wit of our dramas, and than all the sentences of our philosophers. But at sight of any one walking up to the place where I was, I felt my whole frame agitated and retired. I often

said to myself, my sole study has been to merit well of mankind; wherefore then, am I shocked as often as I see them? To no purpose did I call in reason to my aid: my reason could do nothing against a malady which was enfeebling all its powers....Medicine, it is true, did offer me her assistance. She informed me, that the focus of my disorder was in the nerves. I felt it much better than she was able to define it to me. But supposing I had not been too poor to have availed myself of her prescriptions, I had too much experience to put any faith in them. Three gentlemen, of my acquaintance, tormented with the same species of indisposition, died in a short time of three different remedies, and these, pretended specifics for the cure of the nervous disorder. The first, by bathing and bleeding: the second, by the use of opium; and the third, by that of æther. These two last, were both celebrated physicians of the faculty at Paris, both of high reputation for their medical writings, and particularly on the subject of nervous affections. I discovered

afresh, but for this once by the experience of another, what an illusion I had practiced upon myself, in expecting the cure of my complaints from men; I discovered how vain their opinions and their doctrines were, and what a silly part I had been acting through the whole course of my life. Nevertheless, from the multitude of the calamities which oppressed me, I derived a powerful motive to resignation. On comparing the good and ill with which our fleeting days are so strongly variegated, I caught a glimpse of a most important truth, not generally known: namely, that nature produces nothing that deserves to be hated; and that her Author, having placed us in a career which must of necessity terminate in death, has furnished us with as many reasons for being reconciled to the thoughts of dissolution, as for cherishing the love of life. p. 342.

For my own part, a feeble shrub, shattered by so many tempests, nothing more remained to me that could be lost. Per-

ceiving, besides, that I had henceforth nothing to hope, either from others or from myself, I committed myself to God alone, and engaged my promise to Him, never to expect any thing essential to my happiness, from any one man in particular, to whatever extremity I might chance to be reduced, and of whatever kind it might be. My confidence was acceptable to Him, of whom no one ever implored assistance in vain. The first fruit of my resignation, was the calming of my woes. My solicitudes were lulled to rest, as soon as I ceased to struggle against them.

To J. J. Rousseau I stand indebted for the re-establishment of my health. I had read in his * valuable productions, among other natural truths, that man was made to act, and not to meditate. Hitherto, I had exercised my mind, and suffered my body to rest; I now inverted the order of that regimen; I exercised the body, and gave repose to the mind. p. 343.

* Original, immortal.

How in thy face my ancient friend I see!
Anchises looks, and lives, and speaks in thee!
* * * * *
And, touch'd with miseries myself have known,
I view with pity, woes so like my own. p. 353.

Nurtured myself in the school of adversity, I am instructed to succour the miserable. p. 354.

But, among many other anecdotes which I could produce, in support of what I just now said, namely, that simple people took J. J. Rousseau for an ordinary man, here is one which must convince the reader of his habitual modesty. The day that we went to look for a dinner with the hermits of Mount Valerian, on our return to Paris in the evening, we were caught in a shower, not far from the Bois de Boulogne, opposite to the Gate Maillot. We went in to take shelter, under the great Chesnut trees, which had now begun to put out leaves. Under those trees we found a great deal of company, who, like ourselves, had crowded thither for covert. One of the Swiss lads

having perceived John James, came running up to him, in a transport of joy, and thus accosted him; "How now, my good man, whence do you come? It is an age since we have had the pleasure of seeing you!" Rousseau mildly replied: "My wife has had a long fit of illness, and I myself have been considerably out of order." "Oh! my poor good man," replied the lad, "you are not comfortable here: come, come; I will find you a place within doors." In fact, he exerted himself so zealously, that he procured us an apartment above stairs, where, notwithstanding the crowd, he contrived to accommodate us with chairs, a table, and some bread and wine. While he was shewing us the way, I said to John James, this young man seems to be very familiar with you; surely he does not know who you are? "Oh! yes," replied he, "we have been acquainted these several years. My wife and I used frequently to come hither, in fine weather, to eat a cutlet of an evening." The appellation of "good man," so frankly bestowed on him by the tavern boy, who

had. undoubtedly, long mistaken John James for some honest mechanic; the joy which he expressed at seeing him again, and the zeal with which he served him, conveyed to me, completely, an idea of the good nature which the sublime author of Emilius displayed in his most trivial actions. So far from seeking to shine in the eyes of any one whatever, he himself acknowledged, with a sentiment of humility not often to be found, and, in my opinion altogether unfounded, that he was not fit to take part in conversation of a superior style. "The least appearance of argument," said he to me one day, "is sufficient to overset me. My understanding comes to my assistance half an hour later than to other men. I know what the reply ought to be, precisely when it is out of time." That tardiness of reflection did not proceed from a maxillary depression, as is alledged. in the prospectus of a new edition of the works of John James, by a writer in other respects highly estimable: but from his strong sense of natural equity, which permitted him not to give a decision on the

most trifling subject, till he had examined it; from his genius, which turned it round and round, to get a view of it in every direction; and, finally from his modesty, which repressed in him the theatrical tone, and the oracular sententiousness of our conversations.—Still less would he have submitted to exhibit himself as a spectacle among the great; but in a *tête à tête*, in the freedom of intimacy, and on subjects which were familiar to him, those especially in which the happiness of mankind was interested his soul soared aloft, his sentiments became impressive, his ideas profound, his images sublime, and his spoken, as ardent as his written, expression.

But what I prized still more highly than even his genius, was his probity. He was one of the few literary characters, tried in the furnace of affliction, to whom you might, with perfect security, communicate your most secret thoughts. You had nothing to fear from his malignity, if he deemed them to be wrong, nor from his perfidy, if they appeared to him to be right. p. 387.

What a difference between the age in which he* lived and ours! In Penn's time, there was a religious belief; now-a-days, men no longer believe in any thing. p. 338.

All human things begin to fade as soon as they have reached the point of perfection.

While I was devising plans for the happiness of mankind, my own was disturbed by new calamities.

Where is the man, where is the writer, where is especially the unfortunate author, who has no fault to reproach himself with?

J. J. Rousseau had to encounter wants so pressing and friends so perfidious, that he was frequently forced out of the common road: there is reason to complain of the inequality of his temper, and of some errors in conduct, as he himself has published these, for the purpose of condemning them. But even when he deviates, and becomes the victim of others, or of himself; you see him for ever forgetting his own miseries, that

* William Penn.

he may devote his undivided attention to those of mankind. He is uniformly the defender of their rights, and the advocate of the miserable. There might be inscribed on his tomb, those affecting words from a book on which he pronounces an eulogium so sublime; and of which he carried always about him some select passages, during the last years of his life: "HIS SINS, WHICH ARE MANY, ARE FORGIVEN; FOR HE LOVED MUCH."

There does not exist a nation, however savage it may be, that does not possess some ingenuity, from which a polished people may derive benefit; some ancient tradition, some rare production, which is peculiar to its own climate.

Even if we should be unable to find in Gaul any thing that can be useful in Egypt, or were we, by some accident, to lose the fruit of our voyage, still there will remain for us one thing, of which neither death nor tempests can deprive us; I mean the satisfaction of having done good.

"Observe," said he to me, "these seafaring people, how robust they are! Bodily

exercise is the aliment of health. It dissipates an infinite number of diseases and passions, which spring out of the repose of cities. Human life is planted in the same manner as the oaks of my country. The more they are buffeted by the winds, the more vigorous they become. "The sea," continued he, "is the school of every virtue: there you live in privations, and dangers of every sort. You are there, under the necessity of being courageous, sober, prudent, patient, vigilant, religious." "But," answered I, "how comes it that the greater part of the companions of our voyage possess none of these qualities? They are, almost all of them, intemperate, violent, impious, commending and blaming, without discernment, whatever they see performed."

"It is not the sea which has corrupted them," replied he; "they have brought with them the passions of the land. It is the love of riches, idleness, and the desire of giving themselves up to all manner of irregularities, when on shore, which determines a great number of men to enter into the sea-

service, for the purpose of enriching themselves; and, as they cannot acquire, without a great deal of trouble, the means of gratification on this element, you always see them restless, sullen, and impatient, because there is nothing so discontented as vice, when it finds itself in the road of virtue. A ship is the crucible in which morals are put to the test. There, the wicked, degenerate more and more, and the good become better."

p. 408.

He who is desirous of doing good to mankind, must inure himself betimes to submit to unkind treatment from them. It is by the labour of the body, and the injustice of men, that you are enabled to fortify, at once, both your body and your soul. p. 409.

Present danger totally obliterates past deliverance from the mind. p. 428.

As soon as I recovered the use of my reasoning powers, and began to reflect on the extreme danger which I had just escaped, I fainted away. O, how weak is man,

in a paroxysm of joy! He is strong, only to encounter woe. They brought me to myself, after the manner of the Gauls, by shaking about my head, and blowing on my face. p. 431.

In vain did he consult the most aged of his people; no one could give him any advice. At last he laid his distress before his mother, who was now very old, but who still possessed an excellent understanding. p. 435.

It is easy to be brave amidst conflicts, out of which you are sure of escaping.

We ought, on all occasions, to be diffident of ourselves. In vain do we trust to our own experience; in the aid of Heaven alone our confidence should be placed. p. 444.

I myself experienced the truth of the ancient maxim, That public consideration is to be acquired only at the expense of domestic felicity. p. 466.

The human mind is so contracted, that

though we sometimes feel ourselves much incommoded, it is impossible for us to imagine how we could mend our condition. If we remove a single one of the natural evils of which we so bitterly complain, we should behold starting up out of its absence, a thousand other evils of much more dangerous consequence. p. 468.

For my own part, I, who am no magician, think I have a glimpse, conformably to some of the works of nature, of an easy method whereby *aërostats* may direct their course even against the wind; but I would not publish it were I ever so certain of its success. What miseries have not the perfecting of the compass, and of gunpowder, brought upon the human race! The desirable object of research is not, what is to render us more intelligent, but what is to render us better. Science, in the hand of wisdom, is a torch which illuminates, but brandished by the hand of wickedness, sets the world on fire. p. 481.

Bodily exercise is the aliment of health. Certain philosophers have carried matters much farther. They have pretended that bodily exercise was the aliment of the soul. Exercise of body is good only for the preservation of health; the soul has its own apart. Nothing is more common, than to see men of delicate health possessed of exalted virtue, and robust persons very defective there. Virtue is no more the result of physical qualities, than strength of body is the effect of moral qualities. All temperaments are equally pre-disposed to vice and to virtue. p. 482.

The powerful ought never to despise the feeble. p. 485.

The feebler animals are much more vindictive than the powerful. The bee darts her sting into the hand of any one who comes near her hive; but the elephant sees the arrow of the huntsman fly close to him, without turning aside out of his road. p. 486.

Nature has made man good. Had she made him wicked, she who is so uniformly consequential in her works, would have furnished him with claws, with fangs, with poison, with some offensive weapon, as she has done to those of the beasts, whose character is designed to be ferocious. She has not so much as provided him with defensive armour, like other animals; but has created him the most miserable, undoubtedly in the view of constraining him to have constant recourse to the humanity of his fellow-creatures, and to extend it to them in his turn. p. 487.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED
AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS NOT
RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON OR
BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED
BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE
NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE
BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.

NOV 13 1985
1598830